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Trail Dust of a Maverick

E. A. BRININSTOOL

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THE TRAIL HERD

TRAIL DUST *of a* MAVERICK

VERSES *of* COWBOY LIFE, *the* CATTLE RANGE *and* DESERT

By E. A. BRININSTOOL

Reprinted Introduction to First Edition by

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, D. D.

"The Burlington Hawkeye Man"

Introduction to Second Edition by

Prof. GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author : Lecturer : Explorer

SECOND EDITION

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DEDICATION

To Capt. James H. Cook, one of the last of the old-time Texas trail cowboys; a hunter of renown; a staunch friend of the American Indian; an army scout of distinction and my warm personal friend, this little volume of cowboy and other Western poems is most affectionately dedicated.

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Trail Dust of a Maverick

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The first edition of "TRAIL DUST OF A MAVERICK" was placed on sale in the spring of 1914, and met with ready and instant favor. The edition was but a moderately-sized one, and was completely sold out in a short time.

Since then, the book has been in continual demand; but the plates had been destroyed (unknown to the author) and it was necessary to make other arrangements for a new edition.

This second edition of "TRAIL DUST OF A MAVERICK" appears in a new dress, both as to cover and type. Some changes have been made, and new and more recent material added.

The author thanks his many friends for their kindly expressions of appreciation of the initial volume, and trusts the new edition will be as favorably received.

INTRODUCTION

(To the First Edition)

Not poems in slang, but in dialect. For slang is not at all recognized as belonging to the standard vocabulary of the language into which it may be introduced. Its origin is low. It springs from the gutter. Its grandfather was a thief, an outlaw, a beggar and a criminal, and its home was a den of vileness. In the 18th century its name was "cant" and "patter," and it was the speech of the slums.

But "dialect" is as respectable as a poor relation. It may not shine with the refinement of its more cultured relatives, but it proves its claim to the family pedigree; it is frequently older in its descent than many of its more aristocratic cousins. Slang must be read by the coaching of a glossary. Dialect interprets itself. It is rugged as an oak tree; symmetrical as a pine. It is strong as granite, and tender as the cyclamen clustering around the foot of the gray boulder.

Robert Burns ennobled Scottish dialect. He revealed it to the world as the language for lovers; with new pet names for children and babies that rippled like music on the lips of mothers. He girded it with an armor of patriotism and high courage. He set a thousand pens in motion vainly trying to imitate it.

James Whitcomb Riley did the same thing for the uncouth dialect of Indiana. He made it, on the lips of farmers

and farmers' wives, the vehicle for love songs, sweet in their homeliness. He touched its syllables with pathos, until crystal tears quivered on its lashes. The joys of the fireside, the sorrows of the hearth-stone, the songs and laughter of the nursery, the experiences of old men and the games of little children—only Riley could best interpret these life-throbs, and dialect was the only speech that could interpret Riley.

And E. A. Brininstool has done the same thing for the abundant, exuberant, natural dialect of the range and the rodeo; the long winding trail, the sweep of the prairies, boundless as an ocean of verdure. He makes it glorify the desert; his verse lends splendor to the sunrise and beauty to the sunset—the matchless sunsets of the arid skies and the wilderness. Sagebrush and cactus and yucca; canyon and arroyo and the corral bars; the seas of chaparral; the shouting of the storm and its torrents, and all their own speech of desert-born eloquence. And he can do this because he is of their blood, and knows their "master words."

His songs have their deathless quality—they chant the glories and the beauties, the joys, the dangers, the dances and the conflicts of a vanishing life. And that has a charm for the human heart that will last forever. The range has given place to the ranch. The long trail is a wagon road. The limitless landscape is measured by metes and bounds; boundaries are lined by fences, and locked gates stay the hoofbeats of the "Old Cow Hawss" with peremptory "Thus far and no farther." Thrice wel-

come, then, the memories and dreams of the poet, catching the vanishing colors and melodies, and fastening them on the canvas of singing history. This, Mr. Brininstool has done for his generation, and he has done his task faithfully and lovingly, loyally and accurately.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Sunnycrest," Pasadena, October 25, 1913.

INTRODUCTION

(To the Second Edition)

Because violets, roses, carnations and poppies grow in profusion, shall we deny their exquisite grace, charm and beauty? Each one is proof sufficient to the seeing and wise eye of Omnipotence. No one but God could make a single rose—aye, even a blade of grass, that commonest of all the things that grow.

This thought comes to my mind as I think of my friend Brininstool. He would be the last man in the world to expect recognition as a great poet, because he so easily fits rhymes together. Indeed, he never calls his rhymes anything but "verses," yet, just as we cannot afford to lose one violet, one rose, one blade of grass in the universe, and each has a message, so we cannot afford to lose any of the mental fabrics of our simpler versifiers, especially if they show themselves to be sincere, honest, natural and truthful in their work.

Now I would not have the reader imagine that I have any thought of "damning with faint praise" the work of my friend. I simply wish it to be understood that I am not claiming for Brininstool more than his work justly entitles him to. There is a quaint philosophy in much that he writes that is wholesome and sane in spite of its homeliness—or perhaps because *of* its homeliness.

Brininstool has known the cowboys through and through. He has mixed with them on the drive and at the rodeo, and has learned to know them in their varied moods and changes, and has studied their speech and acquired their terms of expression, and being a keen observer of human nature, he has learned the language of the range, and gives it to us just as it is talked and used in the every-day life of the cowboy. Hence, he is eminently qualified to tell in rhyme and dialect—both of which come so easy to him—the story of this picturesque and rugged character.

I am glad that he has preserved the peculiar and distinguishing speech of the cowboy. It is a dialect with its own rich vocabulary. The poems deal with the cowboy, the herd, the cowponies, the actual riding, the deserts and mountains, ravines and foothills where the cattle used to range, the sheep that the cowboys hate so, the cowboy's pranks and general "cussedness," the effect of the city on him, the "passing" of the cowboy, the cattle range at night, the old bunkhouse, the range cook, the cowgirl, the love-making of the cowboy, his soliloquy and wonderings about the hereafter, and his "last ride."

The book is really a remarkable series of pictures of the passing cowboy, written with knowledge and sympathy. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Great Southwest.

Yes, the day of the cowboy has gone! He was a striking and individualistic feature in the early-day development of the great West—but his day is done! With all his rudeness and roughness and toughness, there was

much good in him, and our hearts go out to him in deep sympathy and with every good wish. And somehow we feel that there will be full understanding and sympathy given to him in the Great Beyond, to which, once in awhile, his mind turned with questioning:

> "And sometimes I wonder and wonder, if over that lone Great Divide,
> I'll meet with the boys who have journeyed across to that dim Farther Side?
> If out on them great starry ranges, some day in the future, I, too,
> Shall ride on a heavenly bronco when earth's final round-up is through?"

We are indebted to Mr. Brininstool! He has done his work well and faithfully, and it is safe to say that these verses he has written on the cowboy will live, as they preserve for an age and people yet to come, a very remarkable phase in the early development of our national life.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

Pasadena, Cal., May 30, 1921.

SILENT TRAILS

THE trails are silent since you went away,
It's lonely here, and everything looks strange;
The once-blue skies have turned to ashen-gray,
And seem to blot the sunshine from the range.
I miss the silvery jingle of your spur
I heard when you was ridin' at my side;
And when I think of you, a sudden blur
Gits in my eyes and blinds me as I ride.

The manzanita berries ain't more red
Than was the roses bloomin' in your cheek;
And when I'd watch you lopin' off ahead,
The thoughts I'd think—but didn't dare to speak!
And when I stop to cinch my saddle tight,
I listen for your voice to call to me;
And when I'm joggin' 'round the herd at night,
Your sweet face in the jeweled skies I see.

It wa'n't like this before you crossed my trail—
I rode the lonely range, and didn't mind
The solitude of canyon, knoll or swale,
Or deep arroyo that I left behind.
I didn't see the glory of the hills
You pointed out to me when first you came;
But now my lonely heart pulsates and thrills
When mountain breezes whisper low your name!

The naggin' of the boys is harsh; it jars
And grates upon me when I'm in their sight;
I look to see you at the corral bars,
But no one's there when I ride up at night.
I cross the mesa, where the sweet perfume
Of wild flowers that you loved so, fills the air;
But all their brightness can't drive off the gloom—
And it is just because You are not there!

The night-bird's call comes to me through the dark;
The flickerin' camp fire throws a fitful glare;
And off across the range the coyote's bark
Goes echoin' on the silent midnight air.
I hear the bedded cattle by the stream
Stir, when the grim night-riders pass their view,
And then I drowse, and doze away, and dream,
And dreamin', ride the trails again—with You!

THE STAMPEDE

A LOWERING night, with muggy, sultry air,
A thirsting, restless, sullen, bawling herd;
Low, distant rumbling sound of thunder there,
A sky with vivid lightning-flashes blurred.
The flickering campfire's dull and feeble glow,
The ribald songs the grim night-herders sing;
The murmur of the river, faint and low,
The night-bird overhead, on tireless wing.

From rugged buttes, in snarling monotone,
The muttering thunder speaks a warning grim;
The breeze which o'er the rolling height is blown,
Sighs fitfully across the mesa's rim.
Now vagrant rain-drops kiss the dusty ground,
As louder growls the thunder-notes on high;
The cattle low in terror at the sound,
While anxious riders watch the threatening sky.

And now the storm bursts forth in fury wild,
As jagged lightning-flashes leap and flare
Across the heavens, where inky clouds are piled,
While crash on crash re-echoes through the air!
In mad affright the herd is under way!
No hand their headlong rushes can restrain!
And blinding, glaring shafts of light display
A sea of clashing horns across the plain!

THE STAMPEDE

Into the pitchy darkness of the night,
With spur and quirt and shout and wild hello,
Lithe figures speed to check their frenzied flight,
As on the panic-stricken thousands go!

* * * * * * * * *

And now the Storm God's wrath is spent and gone;
Hushed is his voice upon the mesa's crest;
The stars peep forth through scudding clouds, and dawn
Finds wearied riders safe, the herd at rest.

THE LAST DRIVE

BESIDE his sagging door he sits and smokes,
And dreams again of old trail days, long gone.
His eyes are dim, his form is bent and old,
And silvered are the locks about his brow.
He hears again the thud of pony-hoofs,
The clash of horns, the bellowing of herds,
The shout of riders and the pant of steeds,
And creak of saddle-leather as they ride!
He sees the dust-clouds hover o'er the trail,
Where, snaky-like, the herd winds on and on.
He sees broad-hatted men, bronzed, fearless, bold,
And as he listens, faintly to his ears
Is borne the echoes of an old trail song;
While to his nostrils floats the scent of sage
And greasewood, cactus and mesquite, that seems
To lure him back among his ranges wide.

'Tis night! And now he sees the bedded herd
Beneath the open canopy of heaven,
While hardy night-guards keep their vigil drear.
The stars gleam out, and yonder rugged buttes
Loom strange and weird and dim and spectral-like.
The wagon-top shines brightly by the stream,
And in the flickering campfire's feeble glow
He sees the silent forms of old range pals

In dreamless slumber in their blanket beds.
The coyote's melancholy wail floats in
Upon the silent, pulseless summer air,
While overhead, on steady, tireless wing,
The night-hawk whirls and circles in its flight;
And down below, the babble of the stream
Makes low-crooned, soothing music, rippling by.

Morn comes, with crimson bars of light that leap
To gild the buttes and tint the east with fire!
The lark's song echoes clear and sweet and strong
Upon the morning air. The range-grass gleams
And glitters with its diamond-tinted dew,
And all the great wide prairie springs to life!

Again he sees the straggling herd move on
In broken line, and in his dreams he seems
To feel the bronco's steady, tireless pace,
That carries him upon his last long drive,
Which ends in sleep along the Sunset Trail!

THE NESTER TO THE COWMAN

I HAVE watched your great herds trailing toward the far-off setting sun,
As my plowshare turned a furrow in your wake;
I have seen your cattle vanish from the lands which I have won,
And the open range new life and vigor take.
I have watched wild customs fading, as the foot of Progress pressed,
And I stretched my squeaking wires here and there;
And my fields of grain are waving on the bosom of the West,
While the reaper's song is ringing on the air!

Where the cowman watched his thousands, and the puncher rode the range,
While the wary red man fought their stern advance,
I have lived to see your stretches undergo a wonder-change,
And have waked the slumbering prairies from their trance.
Where your herds of cattle wandered, I have planted and have sown,
I have builded schools and churches in the land;
You are but a dim remembrance of a life forever gone,
You have bowed submission to the nester's hand!

And the trails your thousands deepened I have wiped
from off the hills!
Where your branding-fires gleamed are seas of grain!
On the bed-grounds of your cattle are my factories and
mills;
You have gone—but they, forever, shall remain!
Where your campfires glistened brightly, and the night-
wind crooned and stirred,
And the dog-wolf howled his mournful serenade,
And the cowboy chanted gaily as he circled 'round the
herd,
Progress entered—and its conquest has been made!

I have seen your barren mesas blossom underneath my
touch,
And your desert lands responding to my will;
I have made your arid stretches yield me harvests over-
much,
And your rocky slopes their golden treasures spill.
Off across the dim horizon are your trail-herds, drifting
slow,
While behind their dust the reaper whirrs and hums!
You are swept resistless, onward—Fate decrees that you
must go,
For the dawning of a newer era comes!

THE BLIZZARD-BOUND HERD

DOWN from the winding hills, 'mid whirling snow,
And whistling, wintry gales, they feebly stray!
Now dumbly halt, despairingly and slow,
Then stagger on, in aimless, blinded way!
The biting winds whip madly, front and rear,
And sting alike the helpless and the strong.
The shivering, shrinking beasts, impelled by fear,
Bawl pitifully as they are swept along!

Again they halt, as shrieks the chilling gale,
As if in keen derision at their plight!
The pelting Arctic blasts again assail
And mantle them afresh in robes of white!
In mute despondency they huddle there!
Weak creatures sink, to rise again no more,
As death, in icy form, sweeps through the air,
And marks its trail across the sagebrush floor!

They drift ahead! Their eyes in mute appeal
For aid which cannot come in that harsh blast!
Like hordes of drunken images they reel,
Then pause, in helpless fear and terror massed!
The blinding, drifting snows swirl fast and free,
And scream in wild defiance at their prey,
As though, in mad, demoniacal glee,
They knew Death could not long his work delay!

* * * * * * * * *

THE BLIZZARD-BOUND HERD

Morn breaks upon the whitened, rolling range,
With sullen, murky, threatening, leaden skies!
The grim gray buttes look down upon a strange
And saddened scene, which in the valley lies.
Across the landscape, bleak and wintry-blurred,
The Storm King flung his icy, stinging breath;
And there, in silence desolate, the herd
Now sleeps, where it was bedded down by Death!

CACTUS CHARLEY'S REGRETS

(With apologies to the author of "No More West")

THE West ain't what it wuz, Bill, the good ol' days is done!
It makes me weep—it does, Bill, 'cuz no one packs a gun!
The ranches all are fenced, Bill, as you look up and down,
The punchers hev commenced, Bill, to want to live in town!
They dress like doods! My stars, Bill, the boys you run across,
All ride in motor cars, Bill, and never fork a hawss!

The West is awful tame, Bill; the poker joints hev quit!
You cain't set in a game, Bill, ner booze a single bit!
Thar ain't no marshal now, Bill, to fill you full o' lead!
Sich things they don't allow, Bill—the good ol' times is dead!
They've got a graveyard, too, Bill—but shucks! it takes my breath
To l'arn thar's mighty few, Bill, but died a nat'ral death!

The West is mighty slow, Bill, compared to days o' old.
'Cuz lynch-law doesn't go, Bill—at least, so I've been told!
A rustler stands a chance, Bill—it's diff'runt now, I swear!

CACTUS CHARLEY'S REGRETS

They uster hev to dance, Bill, on nothin' much but air!
The wimmen here that ride, Bill, use saddles that are flat,
And allers go astride, Bill—I blush to think o' that!

You wouldn't know the West, Bill! Thar's been an awful change!
The people don't go dressed, Bill, like we did—gosh, it's strange!
The ol' slouch hats we wore, Bill, hev disappeared sumhow;
They're never seen no more, Bill—the men wear derbies now!
You never see no quirts, Bill, no lariats ner boots!
The doods all wear silk shirts, Bill, and smoke store cigaroots!

The West is awful mild, Bill; the Injuns all are tame!
The ones that was so wild, Bill, are in the movie game!
The bad men that we knew, Bill, who shot out bar-room lights,
Are sleepin' 'neath the dew, Bill, insted o' startin' fights!
But wuss than all the rest, Bill—it makes your ol' pal sigh—
It don't seem like the West, Bill, 'cuz it's so tarnal dry!

A PRAIRIE MOTHER'S LULLABY

THE sunset deepens in the west,
Faint shadows drift across the sky,
So sleep, dear heart, on mother's breast,
And rock away to dreamy rest,
To her low, soothing lullaby!
The night wind breathes across the plain;
The moonbeams shed a luster bright;
The cattle low a weird refrain
Upon the star-lit summer night.

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
Down the winding mountain trail thy daddy rides where shadows creep!
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes!
By-low, babe, the sunset dies!
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh, sleep!

Upon the mesa bare, and brown,
The slinking, gaunt coyotes prowl,
And hark! upon the silent air,
In ghostly cadence echoing there,
Floats forth the gray wolf's mournful howl!

A PRAIRIE MOTHER'S LULLABY

The cowboy's song rings loud and clear
As 'round the bedded herd he rides,
And from the stunted sagebrush near,
The sluggish rattler smoothly glides!

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
O'er the rugged buttes and foothills golden moonbeams shyly peep!
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes!
Dream, to mother's lullabies!
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh, sleep!

BACK TO ARIZONA

TAKE me back to Arizona as it was in early days,
Ere the cowboy on the ranges had the moving-picture craze.
Let me see the festive puncher, with his bronco on the run,
Coming into town and shooting up the landscape with his gun.
Let me see the chuckawalla and the Gila monster, too,
Of the murderous Apache let me get a fleeting view;
Let me see a frontier squabble as it was in days of yore,
When the "bad man" of the border waded in a sea of gore.

Take me back to Arizona and the plains of alkali,
On the cactus-covered mesa in the desert let me lie.
Let me hear the rattler rattling as he crawls about the sand,
And the restive cattle bawling as they feel the red-hot brand.
Let me see the city marshal make a gun-play in the street,
And a victim later buried with his boots upon his feet!
Take me back to Arizona—let me see a poker game
As in days when it was prudent not to ask a stranger's name.

BACK TO ARIZONA

Take me back to Arizona, where they "sized" a fellow, not
By the boodle which he carried, but the skill with which he shot!
Where the towns were short on water, but all-fired long on gin,
And there never was much mourning when a fellow-man "cashed in."
Take me back among the ki-yotes and the centipedes and such,
Where a brand-iron was respected and a "rustler" hated much!
Take me back to Arizona when it lived a wild career,
And they had a man for breakfast every morning in the year!

Take me back to Arizona—Arizona rough and wild,
Where the days were dry and dusty and the whisky wasn't mild!
Let me live again those stirring frontier days when all was new,
When the faro banks were frequent—but the churches mighty few!
Let me join a sheriff's posse and get on a horse-thief's track,
Where a hanging-bee was likely if they brought the fellow back!
Take me back to Arizona in the palmy days I saw,
When high boot-heels were in fashion, and a six-gun was the law!

THE OLD TRAIL SONGS

WE used to have a heap o' fun down on the ol' Bar-4,
When we would set a-smokin' down around the bunkhouse door.
I mind them ol' time cattle songs, and how the air would ring
When Shorty tuned his banjo up and Greaser Mex would sing:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prai-ree!
Where the wild ki-yotees are howling free!
In a narrow grave jest six by three,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prai-ree!"

There wa'n't no style about 'em; they was crude and mebby rough,
But to us cowpunch fellers they sure sounded good enough.
And ev'ry man would tap his heel in music to the swing
Of that ol' homely cattle song that Greaser Mex would sing:

"Whoop-ee! ti-yi! git along, little dogies!
It's your misfortune and none of my own!
Whoop-ee! ti-yi, git along, little dogies!
For you know Wyoming will be your new home!"

If we drove a herd to'rds Kansas and had throwed 'em on the trail
About the breakin' of the day, when stars were turnin' pale,
The point men and the swing men would while away the time
A-shoutin' out the music of that famous ol' trail-rhyme:

"All day on the prair-ee in the saddle I ride!
Not even a dog, boys, to trot by my side!
My fire I must kindle with chips gathered 'round,
And boil my own coffee without bein' ground.
I wash in a pool and I wipe on a sack,
I carry my wardrobe all on my own back!
My books is the brooks and my sermons the stones,
My parson's a wolf on a pulpit of bones!"

And out on night-herd, when 'twas black and threat'nin' all around,
And longhorns kept a-rovin' in and out of their bed-ground,
It used to calm 'em down a heap, when we would start to roar
One of them ol'-time trail songs that we'd sung to 'em before:

"When threatenin' clouds do gather,
And herded lightnin's flash,

And heavy raindrops spatter,
And rollin' thunders crash!
What keeps the herd from runnin';
Stampedin' far and wide,
The cowboy's long, low whistle,
And singin' by their side!
Ho! I'm a jolly cowboy! From Texas I do hail!
Give me a quirt and pony and I'm ready for the trail!
I love the rollin' prairies; they're free from care and strife,
Behind a herd of longhorns I'll journey all my life!"

A VOICE FROM THE OPEN

THE light shines soft through yon tinted panes,
And you—you tell me that God is there!
That your shack of marble and brick contains
The One you worship in song and prayer!
But I—I see Him where soft winds blow,
In the open places I love so dear;
Where the pine trees murmur His praises low,
And His guiding presence seems always near.

The shadows gleam on your gilded walls,
And the swelling notes of the organ rise;
But God, to me, from The Open calls,
And I read his sermon against the skies.
Your choir music is fine and sweet,
But sweeter far is the song to me
From the mountain torrent, that leaps to meet
The open arms of the throbbing sea!

Your silken curtains and velvet seats,
With tony people, so stiff and grand,
Who sing of a city with golden streets,
And a mansion fine in the Heaven Land—
It may appeal to the likes of you,
But God ain't near when I step inside!
He speaks to me with a message true,
Where the prairie stretches are deep and wide.

A VOICE FROM THE OPEN

And when I lie by my campfire bright,
  And the long, low shadows look strangely grim,
And the stars peep forth through the silent night,
  How close I seem to the side of Him!
It seems to me I can look afar,
  Where, soft and fleecy, the cloud-hills show,
And read His word in each gleaming star
  That shines for me in the after-glow.

Your spire-crowned churches are works of art,
  Where the mighty notes of the organ roll,
And the preacher's message may reach your heart,
  And the choir music may cheer your soul.
But when I want to get near the throne,
  Oh, lead me out where The Open lies!
And let me talk with Him there alone,
  As He smiles on me from His sun-kissed skies!

THE OL' COW HAWSS

WHEN it comes to saddle hawsses, there's a difference in steeds,
There is fancy-gaited critters that'll suit some fellers' needs.
There is nags high-bred and tony with a smooth and shiny skin,
That'll capture all the races that you want to run 'em in.
But for one that never tires; one that's faithful, tried and true,
One that allus is a "stayer" when you hafto slam him through,
There is but one breed of critters that I ever came across
That will allus stand the racket—'tis the

Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

No, he ain't so much for beauty, for he's scrubby and he's tough,
And his temper's sort o' sassy—but you bet he's good enough!
'Cuz he'll take the trail o' mawnin's—be it up or be it down,
On the range a-huntin' cattle or a-lopin' into town.

And he'll leave the miles behind him, and he'll never sweat a hair,
'Cuz he is a willin' critter when he's goin' anywhere.
Oh, yer thoroughbred at runnin' in a race may be the boss,
But fer all-day ridin' lemme have the

Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

When my soul seeks peace and quiet on the Home Ranch of the Blest,
Whar' no storms or stampedes bother, and the trails are trails o' rest;
When my brand has been inspected and they tell me it's "O. K."
And the Boss has looked me over and has signed me up to stay.
Oh, I'm hopin', when I'm lopin' off across that blessed range,
That I won't be in a saddle on a critter new and strange,
But I'm prayin' ev'ry minnit that Up Thar I'll ride across
That big Heaven Range o' Glory on an

Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

"OLD SIX-GUN"

YOU'VE been a good old pal to me
In all the years gone by;
You've saved my skin in many a spree
When Death was lurkin' nigh.
You're rusted some and battered, too,
But I ain't knockin' none,
'Cuz there's a heap I owe to you,
You handy ol' six-gun!

I packed you on the cattle trail
Way back in '86,
And never knowed you yet to fail
When I got in a fix!
You've shot the lights out more'n once
When we struck town fer fun,
An' done a heap of other stunts,
You handy ol' six-gun!

When my ol' paws close on yer grip,
I seem to see once more
Them prairie stretches in The Strip,
And the ol' bunkhouse door,
Where night-times we would set and gaze
Off to'rds the settin' sun—
Oh, wasn't them the happy days,
You handy ol' six-gun!

"OLD SIX-GUN"

I mind them nights we stood on guard
  When we was trailin' steers,
When growlin' thunder ripped and jarred
  And grumbled in our ears!
And how that stampede made us sweat!
  'Twas sure a lively run!
Thar' was excitement then, you bet,
  You handy ol' six-gun!

And now you're hangin' on the wall
  Where firelight shadows play.
I reckon, takin' all in all,
  That you have had your day.
But when I think what you've been through,
  And what you've seen and done,
A million bucks would not buy you,
  You handy ol' six-gun!

JUANITA

DREAR are the prairies, the ranges are silent,
Mournfully whispers each soft, passing breeze.
Down in the canyon an eddying murmur
Echoes the sigh through the swaying pine trees.
Lone are the trails on the brown, dusty mesa,
Up where the gems of the star-world peep through;
Sadly the night-bird is plaintively calling—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

Out where the herds dot the range in the Springtime,
Out where the flowers you loved nod and sway,
Memory brings me a vision of sadness,
Brings me a dream of a once-happy day.
Over the trails you are riding beside me,
Under the canopied heavens of blue;
Smiling the love that your lips have repeated—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

When steals the night with its grim, dusky shadows,
As 'round the herd I am jogging along,
Your gentle face seems to lighten the darkness,
Each vagrant breeze seems to whisper a song.
Whispers a melody sweetly entrancing,
Telling me, dear, of your love ever true;
Whispers an echo that sets my heart dancing—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

A CATTLE RANGE AT NIGHT

THE prairie zephyrs have dropped to rest,
And the dust-clouds settle down;
The sun dips low in the golden west
O'er the rolling hills of brown.
The wearied riders come loping in,
As the trails grow dim and strange,
And the songs of the insect world begin—
'Tis night on a cattle range!

The stars gleam out in the calm, clear sky
Like twinkling orbs of light,
And over the range drifts the coyote's cry
Through the star-lit summer night.
The night-hawk whirls in its ceaseless rush,
As the evening breeze is stirred,
And the cowboy's song breaks the lonely hush,
As he circles the bedded herd.

The campfire throws but a fitful glare,
And the buttes, like specters, rise
Far over the deep arroyo there,
Like sentinels of the skies.
While the silent forms, in their blanket-beds,
Dream on, to the night wind's sigh,
As gently above their sleeping heads,
The breeze drifts idly by.

A CATTLE RANGE AT NIGHT

The moon steals up o'er the dark butte's crest
  In silvery shafts, which gleam
And sparkle there on the brown earth's breast
  Like gems in a fairy dream.
The night creeps on with its mystic charms,
  To the song of the whip-poor-will,
And drifts to Dreamland in Nature's arms,
  And the range grows hushed and still.

THE COWMAN'S LOSS

IT'S lonely on the ol' ranch now;
The Little Feller's gone away!
Seems like the sunshine's gone, somehow,
Without him taggin' 'round at play.
There ain't a cowboy on the place
But thought the world o' him, and more,
When he would come, with smilin' face,
A-toddlin' in the bunkhouse door.

The boys ain't joshin' as they ride
Why, they ain't been so still fer years!
It broke 'em up when baby died,
And more'n one I've seen in tears.
And there is somethin' in their grip
And handclasp that stampedes my heart,
And sends me out with quiverin' lip,
And eyes that jest fill up and smart!

We used to see him ev'ry night
When we'd ride up to the corral.
Blamed if he wa'n't a purty sight
With them long curls we loved so well!
I reckon kids like him is rare
Among the sunshine and the flowers
On that big Heaven Range up there,
So God He jest sent down fer ours.

THE COWMAN'S LOSS

The dogs they miss that kid o' mine,
'Cuz where he went they'd trot along;
They hang around the house and whine,
Jest like they sensed they's somethin' wrong.
The poor dumb critters seem to know
The little pard they loved ain't near—
I don't see why he had to go
And leave us all alone down here!

Seems like we cain't git used to it!
The hull big world is dark and lone!
It ain't the same ol' ranch a bit,
Now that the Little Feller's gone!
But heaven is sure a sunny place,
And some day, on that golden shore,
We're goin' to feel his rosy face
A-snugglin' down to ours once more!

THE DESERT

SUN, silence, sand and dreary solitude!
Vast stretches, white, beneath a glaring sky!
Where only those stout-hearted may intrude,
With Death to harrass them and terrify!

A vast expanse of endless, treeless plain,
Where sluggish rattlers crawl, and brown swifts run;
Where all the parched earth gasps and pants for rain,
And overhead a maddening, molten sun!

Dry, powdery sagebrush seas, and cactus beds,
And yuccas—snow-white sentinels—which gleam;
While here and there the *ocatilla* spreads,
And waters glimmer from a phantom stream.

Like withering blasts from furnaces white-hot,
The noon-day sun glares pitilessly down
Upon a land the hand of God forgot—
Scorched, lifeless, shriveled, aird, bare and brown!

Only the awful stillness day by day
O'er wastes swept by the hot sun's burning breath!
A treacherous, deceptive Great White Way,
A land of desolation—and of death!

THE RANGE RIDER'S SOLILOQUY

SOMETIMES when on night-herd I'm ridin', and the
stars are a-gleam in the sky,
Like millions of wee, little candles that glimmer and
sparkle on high,
I wonder if, up there among 'em, are streets that are
shinin' with gold,
And if it's as purty a country as all the sky-pilots have
told?

I wonder if there are wide ranges, and rivers and streams
that's as clear,
And plains that's as blossomed with beauty as them that
I ride over here?
I wonder if summer-time breezes Up There are like
zephyrs that blow
And croon in a cadence of sweetness and harmony down
here below?

I wonder if there, Over Yonder, it's true that they's never
no night,
But all of the hours are sunny and balmy and pleasant
and bright?
I wonder if birds are a-singin' as sweetly through all the
long day
As them that I hear on the mesa as I go a-lopin' away?

THE RANGE RIDER'S SOLILOQUY

And sometimes I wonder and wonder if, over that lone
Great Divide,
I'll meet with the boys who have journeyed across to the
dim Farther Side?
If, out on them great starry ranges, some day in the
future, I, too,
Shall ride on a heavenly bronco when earth's final round-
up is through?

They tell us no storms nor no blizzards blow over that
bloom-spangled range,
That always and ever it's summer—a land where there's
never a change.
And nights, when I lie in my blankets, and the star-world
casts o'er me its spell,
I seem to look through on the glories that lie in that
great Home Corral!

THE DISAPPOINTED TENDERFOOT

HE reached the West in a Pullman car, where the writers tell us the cowboys are,
With the redskin bold and the centipede, the rattlesnake and the loco weed.
He looked around for the Buckskin Joes, and the things he'd seen in the Wild West shows—
The cowgirls gay and the broncos wild, and the painted face of the Injun child.
He listened close for the fierce warwhoop, and his pent-up spirits began to droop,
And he wondered then if the hills and nooks held none of the sights of the story books.

He'd hoped he would see the marshal pot some bold, bad man with a pistol-shot,
And he entered a tough saloon, by chance, where the tenderfoot is supposed to dance
While the cowboy shoots at his boot-heels there, and the smoke of powder begrims the air.
But all was quiet as if he'd strayed to that silent spot where the dead are laid.
Not even a faro game was seen, and no one flouted the long, long green;
'Twas a blow for him who had come in quest of a touch of the real wild, woolly West.

He vainly sought for a bad cayuse, and the swirl and
swish of a flying noose,
And the cowboy's yell, as he roped a steer, but nothing
of this fell on his ear.
Not even a wide-brimmed hat he spied, but derbies flour-
ished on every side!
And the spurs and chaps and the flannel shirts, the high-
heeled boots and the guns and quirts,
The cowboy saddles and silver bits and fancy bridles and
swell outfits
He'd read about in the novels grim, were not on hand
for the likes of him!

He peered about for a stage coach old, and a miner man
with a "poke" of gold,
And a burro-train with its pack-loads which he'd read
they tied with the diamond hitch.
The rattler's whirr and the coyote's wail ne'er sounded
out as he hit the trail,
And no one knew of a branding-bee or a steer round-up
that he longed to see.
But the oldest settler, named Six-Gun Sim, rolled a
cigarette and remarked to him:
"Th' West hez gone to th' East, my son, an' it's only in
tents sich things is done!"

THE RETURN OF "BUD"

BUD Sands he's with the boys once more!
You bet we're glad to see him back!
On all the East he is plumb sore;
"Gimme," says Bud, "this ol' line shack!
Them city noises in my ears
They got my locoed senses r'iled;
I'd ruther hear a herd o' steers
That had stampeded an' gone wild!"

Bud says them man-made canyons there
Back in Noo Yawk, is mighty high.
"I couldn't ketch a breath o' air,
Ner see a thing," sed Bud, "but sky!
An' you kin walk from end to end
Of that dern town the hull day through,
An' never meet a single friend,
Ner hear folks shoutin' 'Howdy-do!' "

Bud says he won't go back agin!
"Right hyar," says Bud, "I end my days,
An' with the bunkhouse bunch cash in!
No more fer me them city ways!
The ol' Bar-4 is good enuff,
So I'm a-goin' to stick around,
'Cuz forty-per ain't half so tough
As rangin' on a strange bed-ground."

THE RETURN OF "BUD"

Bud says when he'd go down the street
In his ol' Stetson, folks 'ud stare,
An' size him up from head to feet,
Jest like he had no bizness there.
"I sure made up my mind," Bud sed,
"It wa'n't no place fer sich as I,
With street cyars rumblin' overhead,
An' benzine broncos scootin' by!"

So Bud he is a happy lad,
With six cow ponies to his string.
He says that he'll be mighty glad
When we start roundin' up this spring.
He's some cow-hand, you bet Bud is!
He's down there now in the corral
A-gentlin' them there broncs o' his,
An'—holy mack'rel! hear him yell!

"SHEEPED OUT"

IT wasn't very long ago we bossed the ranges wide;
Our cattle wandered to and fro across the great divide.
We roamed its broad and beaten track with all our kith and kin,
But now we're bein' crowded back—the woolly-backs are in!

For it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
Can't you hear 'em up the trail?
They're croppin' all the browsin' off
From every hill and swale!
The sullen herder follows on,
And though he travels slow,
It looks as if the fates decreed
The cattle-man must go!

We won the West from savage bands, through many a bloody deed,
And blazed our trails across its lands, and tamed 'em for our need.
We was the pioneers of all, and though our style was rough,
While we could hear our cattle call, the West was good enough.

"SHEEPED OUT"

But it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
Now the woolly-backs are here!
They're crowdin' in upon the range
We've held from year to year.
We fought to git the lands we love,
But now we stand no show;
Our herds are gittin' pushed aside—
The cattle-man must go!

Already we've been forced along the range from state to state
By that blamed idiotic song the cattle-men all hate!
The bobbin' lines of woolly-backs are stretchin' far away,
And we must quit our lands and shacks and seek new range today.

For it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
And a trail o' dust below!
The woolly-backs are crowdin' in,
And we have got to go!
We love the land we fought to win,
It's our'n alone by right,
But we are fadin' with our herds,
And driftin' out o' sight!

THE BRAGGART

I'VE fit the Injuns often, pard,
  An' I hev killed a few.
I've had the cusses chase me hard,
  Been captured by 'em, too!
They've give me many a pain an' ache,
  An' stripped me of my clo'es,
An' tried to burn me at the stake—
  In movin' pitcher shows!

I was a bad 'un in my prime!
  Played outlaw? Yes-sir-ree!
I've done bank robbin' many a time,
  An' held up trains, by gee!
An' I've been stabbed an' cut an' shot
  A dozen times, I s'pose,
An' helped in many a murder plot—
  In movin' pitcher shows!

I've been a cowboy, you kin bet!
  An' played the game all through!
Chased hawss-thieves till it made me sweat,
  An' helped lynch rustlers, too!
I've played the hero more'n once!
  Yep, that's my fav'rit pose!
Whar' did I pull off all these stunts?
  In movin' pitcher shows!

THE BRAGGART

I've druv a stagecoach in the West
  Plumb full o' human souls!
Had robbers loot the treasure chest,
  An' shoot me full o' holes!
An' held up passengers, by smoke!
  An' took their cash an' clo'es,
I shorely hev—this ain't no joke—
  In movin' pitcher shows!

I've killed nigh onto twenty men!
  An' I've been dragged to jail,
An' jest escaped a lynchin' when
  A posse struck my trail!
I'm THE bad man of Bitter Creek!
  When I'm around, gore flows,
Y-e-o-u-w-w-w! Jest watch me do the trick—
  In movin' pitcher shows!

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

WHERE prairie breezes softly croon
Across the ranges there,
I seem to hear a low, sweet tune
Upon the balmy air.
It echoes softly as it strays
Across each hill and swale,
And sings to me of frontier days
Upon the Chisholm Trail!

I look beyond, as in a dream,
And seem to see again
The trail-herd by a sluggish stream,
Held by broad-hatted men.
I see the drifting dust clouds rise,
And hear the cowman's hail,
As morning sunbeams tint the skies
Upon the Chisholm Trail.

The old chuckwagon-top gleams white!
The campfire smoke I see,
As in the early morning light
The "grub-pile" call rings free!
And from their tarps the punchers creep,
As morning stars grow pale,
And toss aside their dreams and sleep,
Upon the Chisholm Trail!

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

Grass-grown are now those trails we rode!
The herds have all passed on!
Where once the teeming thousands flowed,
The last longhorns have gone!
But 'round the campfire's cheery blaze,
Full many a thrilling tale
Brings back to mind those frontier days
Upon the Chisholm Trail!

RAINY DAY IN A COW CAMP

GUSTY sheets o' rain a-fallin',
Yellow slickers our attire;
Wet, bedraggled longhorns bawlin',
Cook a-cussin' at the fire!
Grub all water-soaked and soggy!
Foreman's temper all a-flare!
Ev'ry puncher feelin' groggy;
'Doby stickin' ev'rywhere!

Broncs a-standin', heads a-droopin',
All their ginger plumb soaked out!
Dumb to all the wrangler's whoopin'
An' to ev'ry puncher's shout.
Saddles sloppy an' a-slippin'!
Cinches plastered full o' mud!
Ev'ry ol' sombrero drippin'!
'Royos roarin' with the flood!

Ol' cow hawss a-slippin', slidin',
Up an' down the slushy hills!
Punchers all humped up a-ridin',
Ev'ry minute has its thrills!
Wind a-whistlin'; skies a-weepin',
Slickers flappin' when we lope!
Rain inside our chaps a-creepin',
Kinks an' knots in ev'ry rope!

RAINY DAY IN A COW CAMP

Ev'rybody blue an' sour!
  Not a sign o' sun in sight!
Jest a steady, soakin' shower
  When we ride to camp at night!
Blankets sozzled, wet an' mussy!
  Tarps all damp an' feelin' strange!
Ev'ry puncher mad an' cussy!
  Hopin' mornin' brings a change!

SENCE SLIM GOT PILED

SLIM Bates ain't braggin' any more
About how he kin ride!
An' gosh! but he gits mighty sore
Whenever he is guyed.
He uster be so full o' vim,
So reckless an' so wild,
But there's a change come over Slim
Sence he got piled!

He uster tell of outlaw nags
He'd gentled like a cow;
But Slim ain't makin' any brags
Of tamin' outlaws now!
He's jest the humblest cuss, I swear!
An' meek as any child!
Slim dassn't even take a dare
Sence he got piled!

Accordin' to Slim's flossy talk
He was some cowpunch once.
The worst cayuse could pitch an' balk,
An' try his wildest stunts!
But now Slim hangs his head in shame!
Fer six weeks he ain't smiled!
He knows that he ain't in the game
Sence he got piled!

SENCE SLIM GOT PILED

Of course when he come driftin' in,
  We thought he knowed his biz;
We swallered all them yarns he'd spin
  'Bout ridin' stunts o' his!
But now we pass him up with scorn,
  He's all but plumb exiled!
Slim ain't a-tootin' of his horn
  Sence he got piled!

He's bogged hisself down good'n deep!
  He'd better drift along
An' git a job at herdin' sheep!
  'Cuz here he's in plumb wrong!
Nobody herds with him a bit,
  He's got this outfit r'iled!
Slim never'll hear the last of it
  Sence he got piled!

THE DEAD PARDNER

HE'S left us for that sunny range so fair
Which lies afar across the Great Divide;
And gentle are the breezes blowing there,
All low and sweet upon the Other Side.
With storms his trail will never be beset;
No wild winds howl where he is safe at rest;
No dangers on those peaceful plains are met;
No perils there strike terror to his breast.

He rides a range where blossoms sweetly bend
And nod and smile as he goes loping by;
Where Nature's colors, in a wondrous blend,
Are flung afar on coulee, hill and sky.
Soft are the summer winds which kiss his cheek!
Smooth are the trails, and fair, in which he rides!
And there, through shaded glen and mount and peak,
The Round-up Boss his way forever guides.

Sleep well, departed friend! Sweet be the dreams
Which come to you in that great Home Corral!
And as you ride the line past singing streams,
May your report each night be, "All is well!"
May every trail you ride be decked with flowers,
And may the Foreman lead you by His love,
And guard you, in your rest and waking hours,
On his Home Ranch of rest and peace Above!

A REBELLIOUS COW CAMP

OL' JIM, our cook, has got in wrong,
An' we're plumb sore at him!
Up to today we got along
Without a kick at Jim.
We reckon that he got too gay;
We don't know what it means,
But dinner wa'n't no good today—
Jim sp'iled the beans!

'Tain't often ol' Jim gits in bad,
'Cuz he's some cook, you bet!
But now us punchers shore are mad,
An' cussin' of him yet!
His sour-dough bread was out o' sight,
So was his spuds an' greens;
Yet dinner didn't taste jest right—
Jim sp'iled the beans!

We never made no yelps afore
At what ol' Jim dished up.
Today each puncher made a roar,
An' growled jest like a pup!
We gener'lly pitch in at noon,
An' ev'ry dish we cleans,
But things today was out o' tune—
Jim sp'iled the beans!

It wa'n't becuz his tin-can truck
  Wa'n't cooked to suit our style,
'Cuz ol' Jim allus has good luck,
  An' when he yells "Grub-pile!"
We know they's somethin' good on deck,
  An' jest what that call means;
But things went wrong today, by heck!
  Jim sp'iled the beans!

He never offered no excuse,
  An' that is what gits us!
But we all knowed it wa'n't no use
  To start to pick a fuss.
But this here cow camp's sure plumb sore,
  An' t'ord a strike we leans!
Our appetities ain't good no more—
  Jim sp'iled the beans!

THE DESERT SERENADER

SCAVENGER of Sagebrush Land!
Slinking desert nomad gray,
On the mesa-top you stand
As the darkness dims the day.
Mournfully o'er draw and hill,
Where in early morn you prowl,
In staccato sharp and shrill,
Floats your quavering, lonely howl.

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow!"

With the sunset's glories flung
O'er the buttes in shadows grim,
Then you tune your yelping tongue
For your dreary evening hymn.
And in ghostly cadence there,
Rising, falling, faint and blurred,
Drifting on the desert air,
Your weird serenade is heard:

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow!"

THE DESERT SERENADER

Specter of the sand dunes drear,
Sneaking, prowling, eagle-eyed—
Your grim music strikes my ear
O'er arroyos deep and wide.
Like a funeral dirge it floats,
In a cheerless, somber wail,
And its melancholy notes
Quaver down the dust-strewn trail:

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow!"

In the silence of the night,
Oft I waken from my sleep,
In the campfire's flickering light,
As your mournful echoes creep
Off across the pulseless air,
Drifting o'er the seas of sand,
And I curse your presence there,
Scavenger of Sagebrush Land!

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow!"

A BAR-4 BLUFFER

SENCE Andy Brown of the Bar-4
  Got piled down at the Cheyenne fair,
He jest ain't wuth a cuss no more
  At ridin' broncs that pitch an' ra'r.

He used to brag he was the boss
  Bronc'-peeler at this ridin' game,
An' sed thar' wa'n't no outlaw hawss
  On all the range HE couldn't tame!

Us punchers took him at his word,
  We swallered all his blow an' brag
When he jest swore he was a bird
  At ridin' any outlaw nag.

He got us locoed—darn his hide!
  But after all, it wuzn't strange;
The smooth an' easy way he lied
  Got us stampeded off our range.

Our outfit gambled ev'ry cent
  That Andy Brown would not git throwed,
An' when our cash was in, we went
  An' bet the outfits that we rode.

Our saddles, six-guns an' our chaps,
  Our ropes, our bridles, an', to boot,
Our spurs an' bits an' other traps—
  We bet 'em all on that galoot.

He drawed a little pinto mare,
  An' when he'd cinched, they turned her loose!
Two jumps an' he went in the air
  A-clawin' leather like the deuce!

* * * * * *

Our faith in Andy Brown has sagged!
  Our outfit's wiser, to a man;
He may ride broncos like he's bragged,
  But darned if WE believe he can!

THE TRAIL HERD

CLOUDED sun an' coolin' morn,
Squeakin' taps an' spurs a-rattle;
Loungin' 'crost my saddle-horn,
Trailin' dull-eyed, bawlin' cattle.
Chokin' dust-clouds in the air,
Off acrost the range a-driftin';
Punchers cussin' stragglers there,
As the mornin' mist is liftin'.

Wild-eyed mavericks on the prod;
Plungin' ponies, buckin', snortin',
Or across the sun-baked sod,
Full o' ginger a-cavortin'.
Ol' chuck-wagon on ahead,
For to git the grub-pile ready;
Sun a-blazin' fiery red,
Weak calves wobblin' 'long unsteady.

Summer day a-growin' old,
As the crimson sun is sinkin';
River sparklin' jest like gold,
Where the thirsty herd is drinkin'.
Cook a-yellin' "Grub-pile, boys!"
Cups an' old tin plates a-rattle;
Punchers makin' lots o' noise
On the bed-ground with the cattle.

* * * * * *

THE TRAIL HERD

Silence on the midnight air!
  Me on night-herd slowly moggin'
'Round the bedded cattle there,
  Singin' to 'em as I'm joggin'.
Campfire twinklin' down below,
  River sort o' lullabyin'
To the sleepers, soft an' low,
  In their blanket-beds a-lyin'.

Second watch a-rollin' out
  Sleepy-eyed, with grimy faces,
At the foreman's lusty shout,
  Saddlin' up to take our places.
Me a-drowsin' off to rest
  With the starry sky above me——
Thoughts of You within my breast,
  Dreamin, dreamin' that You love me!

THE OLD LOG CABIN

(On a trip into the Montana cattle country, the writer came across an old log cabin, abandoned and desolate, which prompted the following:)

IT stands alone on a treeless plain—
An old log cabin, with sagging door.
Its roof, all crumbling, allows the rain
To trickle in on the rough slab floor.
Where warmth and comfort were one time known,
And faces smiled in the backlog's blaze,
Deep silence broods, for good cheer has flown,
And left but an echo of former days.

Who knows the story of faith and hope,
Of days of labor and weary toil,
Of those, mayhap, from an eastern slope,
Who came to nurture the virgin soil?
Who knows the struggle for life and bread,
Of years of waiting for wealth to come,
Of those who labored till courage fled,
On the boundless prairie to make a home?

The voices of children were doubtless heard
In merry laughter and happy song.
Perchance hearts ached for a cheery word,
And a friendly face, as they toiled along.

But none can tell of the hopes and fears,
Of the dreams they dreamed as the days sped by,
Of their simple joys through the lonely years,
Till wealth each want should at last supply.

But the fire is cold on the hearthstone drear,
And the door swings idly, by breezes stirred;
Where once was the presence of warmth and cheer,
Now desolate echoes alone are heard.
But none may fathom the luckless tale,
And none the secrets may ever gain,
Of that old log cabin beside the trail
In the lonely heart of a treeless plain.

"PONY BOB'S" RANGE SERMON

THE prod got sick of the old home ranch,
Where life was dull and slow,
And he longed to hike for the city streets,
And paint things a crimson glow.
So he axed his dad for a bunch of coin
'Cuz his cowboy days was done,
Said he, "I'm sick of the sagebrush flats,
And hankerin' fer some fun!"

So the old gent give him what was due,
And the prod he hit the trail,
And made Rome howl fer a month or two,
Till his wad begun to fail.
He boozed around with the painted dames,
And blew in every cent,
And they kicked him out of the Yeller Dog
When his last red bean was spent.

The prod he woke to the truth at last,
And bawled, "What shall I do?"
His kale was gone and his friends had left,
And the prod was homesick, too.

His stomach cried for a little chuck,
  And he wailed, "A job fer mine!"
And he struck a place on a Jonah ranch,
  A-herdin' a bunch o' swine!

It was dern hard luck, but the prod must live,
  And the busted profligate
Was glad to chaw on the husks o' corn
  That the hungry porkers ate.
But soon he moaned, "I'll cut this out,
  And trot back home to dad,
'Cuz he has plenty o' chuck, I know,
  And some to spare, by gad!"

The old gent sat in the ranch house door
  As the sun sank low one night,
And while he mourned for his absent boy,
  The prod he hove in sight.
The old man yelled, "My son's come back!
  My joy I cain't conceal!
It's time for a feast; round up that herd,
  And cut out a fat young veal!"

So they ate and drank to the prod's return,
  And dressed him in fine, swell clo'es,
And the prod was glad he had jumped his job
  With all its sorrowful woes.

For there ain't no doubt, when a cuss is broke,
And he's shy of duds and chuck,
That the old home ranch is the best place yet
That a busted prod has struck!

THE WEST FOR ME

I LOVE the peaks with their snow-bound caps; the stately mountains grand;
The pungent smell of the bending pines that tower on every hand!
The streams that leap through the canyons deep, and the wind's low melody—
I heed their call, for I love them all—'tis the West, the West for me!

I love the stretches of desert gray; the brown buttes grim and high;
I love the scent of the sagebrush flats; the blue of the vaulted sky;
The charm and spell of each draw and swell, and the shifting sand-dunes free—
They grip and hold, as their charms unfold—aye, the West, the West for me!

I love the trail through the lonely hills, to the door of the old log shack,
And an insist strong is luring on, as it calls and beckons back!
I love the croon of the low, sweet tune that sighs through the cedar tree,
And the throbbing note from the wild bird's throat—ah, the West, the West for me!

THE WEST FOR ME

I love the herds on the open range; the riders who guard
them well;
Who ride like fiends in the night stampede through the
ocean of chaparral!
I love to dream in the campfire's gleam, of the days as
they used to be,
And the stalwart men who were heroes then—so the
West, the West for me!

Oh, the boundless West, and the wild, free life that is
spent in the open air,
With the handiwork of the God of All in the plains and
the mountains there!
I love the sweep of the streams that creep from the hills
to the throbbing sea,
And I hear their call as the shadows fall—oh, the West,
the West for me!

THE OLD TRAPPER SPEAKS

I'VE taken toll from ev'ry stream that held a furry prize,
But now my traps are rustin' in the sun;
Whar' once the broad, free ranges, wild, unbroken, met my eyes,
Their acres have been civilized and won.
The deer have left the bottom-lands; the antelope the plain,
And the howlin' of the wolf no more I hear;
But the busy sounds of commerce warn me of an alien reign,
As the saw and hammer echo in my ear.

I've lived to see the prairie soil a-sproutin' schools and stores,
And wire fences stretch on ev'ry hand;
I've seen the nesters crowdin' in from distant foreign shores,
And the hated railroads creep across the land!
My heart has burned within me, and my eyes have misty grown,
As Progress came—unbidden—to my shack;
My streams have all been harnessed and my conquest overthrown,
And I've been pushed aside and crowded back!

THE OLD TRAPPER SPEAKS

I've seen men come with customs and with manners new
and strange,
To take the lands which I have fought to hold;
I've watched the white-topped wagons joltin' off across
the range,
With those who sought to lure the hidden gold.
I've seen the red man vanquished, and the buffalo depart,
And cow-men take the land which they possessed;
And now there's somethin' tuggin' an a-pullin' at my heart,
And biddin' me "move onward" to'rds the west!

Thar' ain't no elbow-room no more to circulate around,
Sence Civ'lization stopped beside my door;
I'll pack my kit and rifle and I'll seek new stompin'-
ground
Whar' things is like they was in days o' yore.
I've heerd the mountains whisper, and the old, free, wild
life calls
Whar' men and Progress never yet have trod,
And I'll go back to worship in my rugged canyon-walls,
Whar' the pine trees croon and Nature is my God!

WYOMING

I'LL give to you the whole round earth,
And all there is within it—
Just take it all for what it's worth,
This very blessed minute,
If you'll leave me one little spot
Out there beyond the gloaming—
The only Homeland that I've got—
My glorious old Wyoming!

'Way up beyond the smoke that palls,
Your peaks rise, white and hoary,
And on the crooning breeze there falls
The music of your glory.
'Tis there my feet would fondly turn,
'Tis there my thoughts go roaming,
And for your peaks and plains I yearn,
My glorious old Wyoming!

Your wide, free ranges stretch away,
And call and beckon to me;
In all my visions through the day,
Your azure skies pursue me.
I long for your wild canyon deeps,
Where mountain streams go foaming,
Out where the sunset glory creeps,
My glorious old Wyoming!

WYOMING

For me no spot can quite compare
With your cloud-capped expanses;
I love your rocky ranges there,
Where soft the sunlight glances.
I love your sagebrush-covered plains,
Where mighty herds are roaming,
And every spot where beauty reigns,
My glorious old Wyoming!

Your stalwart sons have turned the sod,
And lo! fat fields are gleaming!
Where once fierce tribes of red men trod,
With progress all is teeming.
I love your skies so fair and blue,
As softly falls the gloaming,
And my heart fondly turns to you,
My glorious old Wyoming!

MY OLD SOMBRERO

COMRADE of frontier glories,
Relic of old trail days,
Battered and weather-beaten
Over the rough-hewn ways;
Bringing the breath of prairies
Silvered with morning dew—
Here's to you, old sombrero,
Here is a toast to you!

Ah, but sweet memories linger
Over your well-worn crown,
Fragrant with sage and greasewood
Out on the hillsides brown!
Hark to the trail-songs yonder,
Sung by a round-up crew!
Here's to you, old sombrero,
Visions so dear of you!

Out of the dust-clouds rising,
Straggles a trail-herd slow,
Winding in snaky column
Out to the plains below.
There is a glimpse of coulees
Blossomed with flowers new—
Memories, old sombrero,
Memories sweet of you!

MY OLD SOMBRERO

There in your dingy likeness,
  Bringing a dream of home,
Thinking of bunkhouse pardners,
  Out where the longhorns roam!
Here where the firelight glistens,
  Memories we'll renew,
Graven, my old sombrero,
  Deep in the heart of you!

Musty and gray and drooping,
  You hang on your rusty nail;
Only an old-time relic,
  A dream of the cattle trail.
But oh, how the heart-beat quickens,
  And golden memories flow,
When I look at you, old sombrero,
  And dream of the Long Ago.

THE SHORT-GRASS COUNTRY

OUT in the short-grass country,
Out where the greasewood grows,
Out where the coyote hollers,
Out where the blizzard blows.
That is the place I'm seekin',
That is the land for me,
Ridin' a-straddle
A cowpunch saddle,
Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
Out on the mesas brown,
Far from the rush and worry,
Far from the haunts of town.
Out where it's peace and quiet,
Restful and calm and free,
Ridin' a-straddle
A cowpunch saddle,
Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
Out where your pals are true;
Drinkin' the glorious sunshine
Under the skies of blue.

Out of your tarp at daylight,
  Frisky as you kin be,
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
  Out where there's room to spare;
Out where no smoke's pollutin'
  The fresh-blown prairie air.
Out where no street-cyars bother,
  Out where yer safe, by gee!
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country!
  Pardner, say, ain't it fine?
Livin' in perfect freedom,
  Out where the air's like wine!
Nothin', you bet, kin beat it!
  Life is a jubilee!
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

THE DYING COWBOY

OL' pal, I'm goin' away off Yonder,
To the country that borders the Great Divide,
An' I've been dreamin' an' tried to ponder
What's lyin' there on the other side.
Do the hardy fellows who ride its ranges
Strike trails o' peace in its valleys fair,
Without no blizzards or weather changes,
Or wild stampedes on its mesas there?

I wonder, too, if the skies are bluer
Than those that shelter us here below?
An' the Round-up Boss—is he any truer
Than Jim an' Billy, I'd like to know?
Is there any chance of a gun perceedin'?
Or don't six-shooters come into play?
I reckon, perhaps, we're ruther needin'
To know the Bible an' how to pray.

Shall I pack my chaps an' my spurs an' saddle,
My ol' sombrero an' blue wool shirt?
Or don't the bronks that we'll hafto straddle
On heaven's ranges, know bit or quirt?
I s'pose there never no quicksands lyin'
Around the streams of that golden land,
An' never a howlin' gale defyin'
The heart an' nerve of its angel band.

THE DYING COWBOY

They say there's nothin' but peace an' gladness
A-waitin' there for the boys who go;
'Cuz the gospel sharps say there ain't no badness
Like that on this earthly range below.
It looks to me like a sure-'nuff winner,
They's no night-ridin' to be gone through,
An' though you're branded a low-down sinner,
The Foreman's waitin' to welcome you.

Bend low, ol' pal, for a misty shimmer
Is dimmin' my eyes, an' I seem to see
That heaven range through the dusky glimmer,
An' hark! 'tis the Foreman a-callin' me!
The songs of the angel-band so tender,
Drift softly down through the chaparral—
Goodby, ol' pal, we will meet Up Yender,
At the bars of the heavenly Home Corral!

OH, DESERT WINDS!

OH, desert winds, you sing to me in accents mild and low,
Of stretches green, where breezes soft go wandering to and fro!
You sing of Springtime's balmy hours, of mesas blooming fair,
Until I feel the desert lure that turns my footsteps there!

Oh, desert winds so cool and sweet, with Springtime's freshest kiss,
You seem to sing, "No spot on earth is half so fair as this!"
There is a cadence in your song that lulls and satisfies,
A soothing rhythm to your croon which nothing else supplies!

Oh, desert winds, I seem to hear you singing as you go!
While perfumes from the Southland fair in vagrant breezes blow.
I catch the scent of greasewood on the cooling evening air,
And I can tell the song you sing which bids me come Back There

OH, DESERT WINDS!

Oh, desert winds, which blow and blow, you seem to call "Come home!
Come—where the blossomed range-grass rolls away like billowed foam!
Come back unto your own once more! I'm calling, calling free!
I'm singing of the land you love! Come—rise and follow me!"

Oh, desert winds, my heart goes out to your enticing plea!
I hear your murmured accents drift across the sagebrush sea!
Your beauties rise before me far across the drifting sand,
And bind the ties which draw me back to my own Desert Land!

THE PROSPECTOR

MY cabin walls are rough and rude,
My bed is hard; my fare is coarse;
And yet, I love this solitude,
And every stream, from mouth to source!

All day I delve for hidden gold—
The object of my heart's desire,
And when the day is growing old,
I smoke beside my *pinon* fire!

And, basking in its cheery blaze,
I watch the leaping flames, and dream
Of old-time friends and other days,
When eyes of love in mine did gleam!

Within the firelight's ruddy cheer,
The voices of the night are all
The sounds which greet my tired ear,
Or penetrate my cabin wall.

And when I seek my humble bed,
And, wrapped in gentle slumber lie,
The night winds sing about my head
A low-crooned, soothing lullaby!

THE PROSPECTOR

I'm monarch of this lonely wild!
I bow the knee to God alone!
To these vast deeps I'm reconciled;
The mountains are my kingly throne!

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL

THE frontier marshal wa'n't no saint,
Nor weak-kneed, cringin' cuss
Who'd knuckle down an' mebby faint
When in a shootin' muss!
The thing he allus learned well first,
Was how to turn the trick,
An' if the worst should come to worst,
To just be trigger-quick!

He was a man who knew the art
Of handlin' a six-gun!
An' when he had to play his part,
He saw that 'twas well done!
He allus aimed to git his man,
An' he shot quick an' straight,
Becuz 'twas apt to spoil his plan
To be a second late!

He wasn't much on dress er looks,
Out in that frontier land.
He wasn't posted much on books,
But he had nerve an' sand!
An' many a "bad" man of the Plains
Who crossed him in disputes,
Was quickly planted, for his pains,
Still wearin' of his boots!

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL

He was the majesty of law
  In them wild border days!
As quick as lightnin' on the draw,
  When mixed in shootin' frays.
He was the bravest of his clan,
  Our homage he has won!
The coolest, keenest Western man
  That ever packed a gun!

TO AN OLD BRANDING IRON

YOU'RE a warped and rusty relic of the days of Long Ago,
Ere the foot of Progress entered where you ruled with iron hand;
You are of an age departed; of an epoch none may know
Who have never watched the conquest that you made throughout the land.
You have blazed the way for nesters who have turned their furrows deep
Where the great herds roamed the prairies, when you held unchallenged sway;
You have seen advancing thousands, with their goods and chattels creep
Out across the dusty ranges where the cattle used to stray.

You were pioneer and master in a region wild and rough;
You were monarch in a section where a six-gun was the law;
You were backed by men of action who were made of sterner stuff
Than the country to the eastward of their ranges ever saw.

TO AN OLD BRANDING IRON

You have seen the cattle-barons waxing rich in cows and steers
From the brand you burned upon them in the dusty old corral,
For you were the leading faction in the West for thirty years
Ere the nesters claimed the country you had ruled so long and well.

On a thousand hills were cattle that had felt your smoking brand,
And the draws and coulees echoed to the bellowing of herds;
And they plowed a trail behind them as they straggled through the land,
Urged by sinewy cowpunchers who were careless with their words.
By the onward march of Progress were your conquests held for naught,
And you saw the herds forced slowly from the lands which you had won;
You have bowed to plow and reaper, which intruded where you fought,
And have watched your thousands scatter toward the far-off setting sun.

But the cattle-trails are grassy, and the herds no longer roam
Through the lands you fought to conquer from a subtle, cunning foe.
For the nesters came and fenced it, and the spot you knew as "home"
Had no ties to hold you longer, and you gladly chose to go.
Rippling seas of grain now ripen where the puncher rode the range,
And the hills no longer echo to his lusty shout, long-drawn;
You were forced to yield to Progress, with her customs new and strange,
You're a warped and rusty relic of a life forever gone!

THE OLD YELLOW SLICKER

HOW dear to my heart was that old yellow slicker
I carried 'way back in my cowpunchin' days!
'Twas stiff as a board, but I wasn't a kicker
When it was a-rainin' and me huntin' "strays."
I carried it tied at the back of my saddle,
All ready for blizzard or windstorm or rain,
And 'twas my salvation when I had to straddle
My bronc' and lope out on the mud-spattered plain.
That old yellow slicker!
That spacious old slicker
I carried on many a round-up campaign!

That old yellow slicker! 'Twas big and 'twas roomy;
It sure kept me dry when the rain trickled down.
I wore it on night-herd with skies black and gloomy,
It covered me well from my feet to my crown.
No matter how blusterin', gusty or showery,
No matter how cold or unpleasant the storm,
No matter how sloppy or muddy or lowery,
That old yellow slicker I wore kept me warm!
That ill-fittin' slicker!
That fish-oil-soaked slicker,
Its mission it never yet failed to perform!

THE OLD YELLOW SLICKER

That old yellow slicker which I have defended
Hangs there in the bunkhouse agin the log wall.
Its mission's fulfilled, and its range life is ended—
No more do the herds on the cattle-trails call.
But sometimes I dream, in the dim summer gloamin',
And there in the embers which flicker and change,
I catch a faint glimpse of the herds that were roamin',
And think of that slicker I wore on the range.
That battered old slicker!
That old yellow slicker,
A cattle-day relic I'll never exchange!

SUNSET ON THE DESERT

THERE ain't no artist paints it with his pallet and his brush
Like the Master Artist does it, at the sunset glory's hush,
When the reds and pinks and crimsons are a-floodin' all the skies
With a hint of heaven's beauties through the gates of Paradise.
Oh, there ain't no daub on canvas that was ever yet displayed
That can paint a desert sunset like the hand of God has made!

How the colors blend and soften underneath His master hand,
Till they flood the buttes and mesas and creep off across the sand!
How the draws and coulees glimmer with the gold He spills afar,
Flingin' back the sunset's blushes where the stately yuccas are!
And the clouds grow sort o' filmy, in a gorgeous, crimson sheen,
Like they tried to keep the angels from a-peekin' on the scene.

Then a gorgeous glare of color seems to tip the peaks
and hills,
With a gleamin', golden splendor, which the Master Artist spills.
And the mountains, white and hoary, seem to bend and
smile at me,
And the sand-dunes are a-sparkle like a dazzlin' summer sea;
While the dreary wastes seem likened to some stretch of
fairy-land,
As He deftly shows their luster by the magic of His hand.

Then He draws the curtain closer by His varied lights
and shades,
And paints in a touch of purple as the picture slowly
fades.
And the brown, bare, arid stretches that at noon-time
were a-glare,
Take on tints of wondrous beauty and grow roseate and
fair.
And I stand in awe and wonder, as the colors flash and
glow,
Tingin' all the somber desert till they blend and overflow.

Then the hush of even gently, softly, slowly filters down
On the lonely, dreary mesas and the hills so dry and brown;
Till the star-world sheds its luster, and the moonlight floods the range,
And the dark buttes loom up yonder, grim and spectral-like and strange.
And I drowse, and doze, and wonder at the picture I have seen,
Which the hand of God has painted on old Mother Nature's screen.

THE OLD BUNKHOUSE

'TIS empty and silent, all sagging and creaking,
With windows a-gape to the breezes that blow.
The rafters are cobwebbed, the hinges are squeaking,
As idly the wind swings the door to and fro.
The dust and the mold have left visible traces,
The hearthstone is cold and 'tis cheerless and strange,
And vainly I search for the bronzed, fearless faces
Of riders I bunked with while riding the range.

I listen for voices of old pals to greet me,
But out of the shadows no echoes I hear.
No rough, hearty hand-clasp of punchers to meet me,
No laugher or singing falls sweet on my ear.
The pack-rats go scampering boldly around there,
And squeak their defiance about the dim room;
And nothing but grim desolation is found there—
The place is abandoned to silence and gloom!

The empty corrals have no dust-clouds arising,
Where restless cow ponies are milling inside;
No loud-swearing puncher in vainly devising
Some means of subduing a range outlaw's pride.
The long, straggling columns of cattle have vanished,
The draws and the coulees are empty and lone;
The plow and the reaper, the brand-iron have banished,
No more is the saddle the Westerner's throne!

THE OLD BUNKHOUSE

'Tis only a relic of song and of story—
The bunkhouse that stands in the shine and the rain,
A silent reminder of cattle-day glory,
That leaves one a feeling of sadness and pain.
But often I think, in my fireside dreaming,
Of days when the cowman was monarch and king,
And picture, in fancy, the bunkhouse lights gleaming,
Where echoed the trail songs the cowboys would sing!

WHERE THE SAGEBRUSH BILLOWS ROLL

MY mind turns back on the beaten track to the days of the Long Ago—
Back to a land where the mountains stand with their glistening caps of snow.
Though far away from that land today, I'm there in my heart and soul,
In the grand old West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll.

Again I seem, in a misty dream, to be where the morning sun
Shines bright and fair on the gray buttes there, as the shadows leap and run
O'er the mesas wide to the farther side, like a racer to his goal,
In the grand old West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll.

And the blossoms nod from the prairie sod, and the note of the lark rings clear,
And I catch a gleam of a winding stream that ripples upon the ear.
And it sings a song as it speeds along o'er riffle and rock and shoal—
A song of the West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll.

WHERE THE SAGEBRUSH BILLOWS ROLL

I lift my eyes where the sand-dunes rise, and the desert lizard crawls,
And I gaze afar where the canyons are with their rough-hewn granite walls.
Where the skies are blue and the clouds drift through in a hazy and filmy scroll,
In the Golden West that I love the best where the sage-brush billows roll.

And the lure is strong as the siren song that rings in my ears today,
And it beckons me where the winds blow free o'er the sagebrush seas of gray;
And I'll go back to the rough log shack where I've lived in my heart and soul—
Back to the West that I love the best, where the sage-brush billows roll!

FREDERIC REMINGTON

HE knew the West as only few have known,
He knew the men—he knew the horses, too;
The swarthy, silent trapper all alone,
The cowman—and he knew what they could do.
The range to him was as an open book,
The peaks and crags and hills—he knew them well.
He knew the secrets in each canyon brook,
And what the great Plains whispered he could tell.

At his deft touch the canvas sprang to life!
It glowed with all the colors of the West;
His paint-tubes told the horrors of the strife—
The charge, the savage war-whoop and the rest.
He showed the white-topped wagons jolting on,
The grim and hardy plainsmen as they rode;
The campfire in the gray of early dawn,
The pack-train with its lashed and swaying load.

He knew the cattle and the brands they bore.
He drew them with a keen and master hand;
He saw and saved to us the West before
There passed the remnants of that valiant band.
He gave to us the cowboy—carefree, brave,
The riders of the range he pictured true;
'Twas left for him their herds and them to save,
Ere they had passed forever from our view.

FREDERIC REMINGTON

A monument to him who knew the West!
Whose brush so deftly told its every tale!
The horses and the men he loved the best,
When he, too, rode the dusty cattle trail.
A shaft to him whose canvas gleams and glows
With colors of the life he loved so well;
And from whose painted pictures ever flows
A charm which weaves o'er us a magic spell!

THE LURE OF THE WEST

I WANT to go back where the greasewood grows,
And the sagebrush smell is rank and sweet!
Where the spring-time desert in beauty glows,
And the shifting sandhills my vision greet.
I want to forget the sight and sound
Of city traffic and city roar,
And hurry away to my stamping-ground
In God's great open—the West—once more!

Again I list to the pine tree's croon,
And the mystic murmur of mountain streams,
Which sing to me in the old, sweet tune
I knew when dreaming my boyhood dreams.
I see the cabin, with sagging sill,
The wide fireplace, and the puncheon floor—
The vision gives me a homesick thrill,
For Mother stands at the open door!

The lure of the West! There's a charm and spell
That weaves a web with each passing hour,
With a subtle cunning that none can tell
Who never have felt its magic power.

And I'll go back to my crags and peaks,
To my wide, free plains and the brown earth's breast,
For the voice of Nature—God's creature—speaks,
And wins me back to my love—the West!

A RANGE RIDER'S APPEAL

GUARD me, Lord, when I'm a-ridin'
'Crost the dusty range out there,
From the dangers that are hidin'
On the trails so bleak and bare.
Keep my stumblin' feet from walkin'
In the quicksands of distress,
And my outlaw tongue from talkin'
Locoed words of foolishness.

When around the herd I'm moggin'
In the darkness of the night,
Or 'crost lonely mesas joggin'
With no one but You in sight
Won't You ride, Lord, there beside me,
When I see the danger sign,
And through storm and stampede guide me,
With Your hand a-holdin' mine?

May the rope of sin ne'er trip me
When fer fun to town I go;
Let the devil's herders skip me
On their round-ups here below.
May my trails be decked in beauty,
With the blossoms of Your love;
May I see, and do, my duty
Ere I ride the range above.

A RANGE RIDER'S APPEAL

Let me treat my foes with kindness,
  May my hands from blood be free;
May I never, through sheer blindness,
  Git the brand of Cain on me.
On the range of glory feed me,
  Guide me over draw and swell,
And at last to heaven lead me,
  Up into that Home Corral!

THE DESERT'S LURE

YOU think the desert's lonely, pard,
But 'tain't, a single bit!
Becuz you miss it mighty hard
When you're away from it.
Its very vastness seems to cheer
And lure you on and on,
Where rosy streaks of light appear
To tinge the east at dawn.

Its wide wastes thrill you through and through,
And o'er its sand dunes deep
The sagebrush billows call to you
Off where the dim trails creep.
Its cactus-covered mesas seem
Like some fair paradise,
And every day is just a dream
Beneath fair, smilin' skies.

And down along its parched expanse,
Where sluggish rattlers crawl,
And phantom waters gleam and dance,
And gaunt coyotes call,
There's somethin' sayin' to you "Come!"
And somethin' bids you go,
Becuz those arid lands are Home—
The only Home you know.

THE DESERT'S LURE

Its mesas stretch for endless miles,
  Far, far where brown buttes stand,
And out across its grim defiles
  Gleam ocean-waves of sand.
The yucca-blossoms nod snow-white,
  Amid the desert bloom,
And on the star-lit summer night
  Drifts rich and rare perfume.

And so, I say the desert wild
  Just weaves a charm and spell;
You feel that you are Nature's child
  When once you know it well.
It beckons, beckons every day,
  Beneath blue skies above,
And in its own enticin' way
  It wooes—and wins—your love!

THE COWGIRL

SHE ain't inclined to'rds lots o' things
That Eastern gals kin do up brown!
She don't wear jewelry an' rings,
Like them swell gals that lives in town.
Her cheeks are tanned an olive tint
That shows the roses hidin' there;
Her eyes are brown, and there's a hint
Of midnight in her wavin' hair.

She don't go in for fancy hats,
A wide-brimmed Stetson is her pet.
She has no use for puffs and rats,
And harem skirts would make her fret.
She wears a 'kerchief 'round her neck,
At breakin' broncs she shows her sand;
And at a round-up she's on deck,
And twirls a rope with practiced hand!

She doesn't know a thing about
Them motor cyars that buzz and whirr;
But when she goes a-ridin' out,
A tough cow-pony pleases her.
Her hands are tanned to match her cheeks,
Her smile will start your heart a-whirl,
And when she looks at you and speaks,
You love this rosy, wild cowgirl!

THE COWGIRL

She never saw a tennis court,
  She don't belong to any club!
But she is keen to all range sport,
  And she's a peach at cookin' grub!
She couldn't win at playin' whist,
  She wouldn't think that bridge was fun,
But say—the *hombre* don't exist
  That beats her handlin' a six-gun!

I don't believe she'd make a hit
  At them swell afternoon affairs;
She wouldn't feel at home a bit,
  Them ain't the things for which she cares.
She ain't so keen as some gals is
  At tryin' stunts that's new and strange,
But you kin bet she knows her biz
  When she's out on the cattle range!

TO A "TRIANGLE" CALF

I'VE chased you through the chaparral,
An' yelled until I'm hoarse!
I herded you to the corral,
An' you dodged back, o' course!
I pitched my rope straight fer your feet,
An' then you took a fall!
The butcher says you're fit fer meat,
So bawl, consarn you, bawl!

You've roamed the range from sun to sun,
An' had the best o' feed;
You've frisked about an' had your fun
With others of your breed.
But now you're fat enough fer veal,
An' wait the butcher's call;
You git the rough end of the deal,
But bawl, consarn you, bawl!

My bronc' is jest a shadder now
From chasin' you around!
You had the darndest way, somehow,
Of gittin' over ground!
You're wearin' the "triangle" brand,
You're fat an' sleek an' all!
Veal calves like you is in demand,
So bawl, consarn you, bawl!

TO A TRIANGLE CALF

I've cussed you high an' cussed you low,
  Conhang your snow-white face!
I'd cut you out an' back you'd go,
  To give me one more race!
I roped you then, an' had to laff
  To see you flop an' sprawl!
You're full o' ginger fer a calf,
  Now bawl, consarn you, bawl!

It won't be long afore your skin
  Is hangin' up to dry!
I reckon that you'd best begin
  Your prayers afore you die!
You've been cut out as fit to kill,
  You ain't a bit too small,
So if you simply *won't* keep still,
  Why, bawl, consarn you, BAWL!

UNREST ON THE RANGE

THIS movin' pitcher bizness it has got to quit, by gum!
'Cuz it's puttin' our cowpunchers and the cowgame on the bum!
The boys are allers kickin' when we start to run our brands,
'Cuz they say that 'rastlin' dogies sort o' dirties up their hands!

But the cowboys like the movies, 'cuz it's diff'runt, fer a change,
And it's gittin' so no puncher will go out to ride the range.
'Cuz he gits ten bucks fer goin' through a lot o' wild West whirls,
And the privilege of huggin' all the pretty actor-girls!

We're findin' that good ropers are all-fired hard to git,
And the high-class bronco-twisters all have saddled up and quit!
'Cuz the movie-man corraled 'em, and they draw a puncher's pay
Ten times over jest fer posin' in a pitcher ev'ry day!

How us ol'-time cowmen hate it—hate this movin' pitcher fame!
It's a-sp'ilin' all the punchers that was in the cattle game!

UNREST ON THE RANGE

We are weary of sich doin's, where they flash upon the screen
Lots o' monkey shines no cow ranch in the country ever seen!

So we're prayin' that our punchers will get sick of faked-up strife
And be yearnin' fer the dangers of the ol'-time cowboy life.
These here movin' pitcher fellers make us tired—durn their souls!
And we'd like to jerk a six-gun and jest pump 'em full o' holes!

ONLY A BRONCO

I'M only a bronco, an unruly bronco,
A range-ridden bronco, wild, scrubby and tough!
I'm bridled and saddled at daylight and straddled,
I'm larruped and quirted and used mighty rough!
They slam and abuse me, they daily misuse me,
And when on the roundup I get little care!
I'm jest a cow-pony, a pinto, and bony,
But out on the ranges I do my full share!

I ain't no prize beauty, but I know my duty!
I'm wise to the rope and the tricks of the trade!
You bet I'm no quitter! I'll hold any critter
That you flip a rope on, for I ain't afraid!
No stall ever held me; they've always corraled me,
I stand in the sun and the mud and the rain,
No roof to protect me, and though they neglect me,
I'm only a bronco, and never complain!

Although you may doubt me, they can't do without me,
In spite of the fact that my temper ain't mild.
I'm lively at pitchin', and always am itchin'
To see the wild rider upon me get piled!
They never half-feed me, for they're sure to need me
Before I have browsed on the grass to my fill.
And though they deny me good care, they swear by me,
And brag of my toughness and usefulness still.

ONLY A BRONCO

I'm only a bronco, an ornery bronco,
A range-ridden bronco with no pedigree!
I'm jest a cow-pony, a pinto, and bony!
But no hawss is wiser to range-tricks than me!
No stall ever held me, they've always corraled me;
I'm not of the breed of which hawss-raisers sing;
I'm long-haired and shaggy, tough-looking and scraggy!
I'm only a bronco—jest one of the string!

A COWBOY'S VERSION

WHEN I'm ridin' alone in the night-time way out on the desolate range,
With the moon shinin' down through the cloud-hills and the canyons and draws lookin' strange,
And the shadowy buttes loomin' dimly, way out where the coyotes call,
I know that the hand of no human conceived it and fashioned it all.

When I'm lopin' across the wide mesa, where blossoms send forth sweet perfume,
I know that an All-Wise Creator had somethin' to do with each bloom.
'Cuz no mortal hand on this planet could paint us them colors, I know,
Nor spangle the coulees and foothills with all the gay posies that grow.

I know that the green of the ranges don't come at the biddin' of man.
The landscape makes all of them changes jest through the great Creator's plan.
I know that the beauties about me—the sunshine, the blooms and the rest,
Wa'n't put there by man and his helpers, but just at the good Lord's behest.

And nights when I lie by the campfire and look at the stars in the sky,
I'm ready to own that no human made all of them planets on high!
But only the Boss of the heavens reached down from His Home Ranch above,
And moulded and builded and fashioned the blossoms and ranges I love!

TO A BACON RIND

WE packed you along when we tamed the wild West,
You helped grease the way for the brave pioneer;
Of all the grub carried, you sure was the best,
We stuck to an' swore by you, year after year.
The cowman came in, an' your smoky ol' hide
An' savory smell was the buckaroo's friend;
On fires of sagebrush your slices we fried,
An' out on the roundup you stuck to the end!

We carted you over the Santy Fee trail
In blizzards o' winter an' summery heat,
An' not fer a minnit, by jinks, did you fail
When men was a-growlin' fer somethin' to eat.
We packed you along when we delved fer the gold
Deep hidden in canyon an' rocky defile;
The half of your worth hasn't ever been told,
Fer you are the grub that was allus in style.

We swallered your crispy an' delicate self
From little Saint Joe to the Golden Gate through;
We allus could rummage around on the shelf
An' be mighty sure of a section of you!
You tickled our palate in cabin an' tent,
You furnished us joy in a desolate land;
As long as we had you, the world was content,
But Lord! how we kicked if you wasn't on hand!

TO A BACON RIND

'Tis well, in a way, to give praise to the men
  Who trailed it through desert an' mountain an' plain;
To sing of their glories again an' again,
  Accomplished in many a thrillin' campaign.
An' yet, in these stories of Western conquest,
  Let's put in some credit—a little, at least,
To that which kept hope in the pioneer's breast—
  The hope which Ol' Bacon so fearlessly greased.

THE MIRAGE

OVER the sun-scorched, glaring sand,
Under a pitiless molten sky,
Luring on with a mocking hand,
Over the stretches white-hot and dry.
Painting a picture of rippling streams,
Grassy valleys and cooling shade—
There in the desert it glows and gleams,
In magic beauty, but false, arrayed.

Out in the withering, vast expanse,
Parched and shriveled and dead and bare,
Out where the shimmering heat-waves dance,
The wraith of the desert gleams on the air.
It lures and calls in enticing strains,
As its waters lave on a shining shore;
It whispers of billowy, fertile plains,
And bloom-decked hills I would fain explore.

Over the stunted sagebrush sea,
Under a glimmering, sweltering sun,
It beckons, beckons and smiles at me,
As its cruel, deceiving waters run.
Only the ghost of a green-clad vale,
A desert spectre that lures and snares;
It calls me over a death-marked trail,
Into a furnace that seethes and glares!

THE MIRAGE

It fades and dies as I reel ahead
  Over the arid and burning waste—
A picture of beauty an instant spread,
  And then forever from sight effaced.
But over its bosom, hell-hot and white,
  The bones of many are bleaching bare,
Who turned aside at the luring sight
  In the painted depths of the desert's glare.

THE CALL FROM THE WEST

WHERE the grass-lands roll in stretches like an endless, tossing sea,
To the mountains white and hoary, over ranges wide and free,
Where the country lies unbroken, and soft prairie breezes blow,
It is there my heart turns fondly and the siren bids me go.

It is far from cares and worries and the sordid haunts of man,
And the ceaseless rush and turmoil of the money-making clan.
Only peace and gladness linger 'round its quiet solitudes,
For the grasping hand of Progress on its border ne'er intrudes.

My country, fair and shining, lies where sunset's glory gleams,
Over mountain-tops and mesas and along smooth, winding streams;
Where the sagebrush and the greasewood fling their sweet perfume afar,
And the cow-men watch their trail-herds by the blazing evening star.

THE CALL FROM THE WEST

I see it every evening in the dreams which come to me—
My glorious Western homeland across the sagebrush sea!
It lures my thoughts off yonder, where soft the twilights fall,
Where hearts are true and tender, and prairie breezes call.

And I must rise and answer, for the lure is ever strong!
It calls and beckons to me, and breathes the West's own song.
It sings of wide horizons and sunny skies and fair,
Which seem to smile upon me and turn my footsteps there.

OUR FADING CHARACTERS

THE West is no longer the wild, woolly place
That it was in the rough days of yore;
Time was when the bullets were flying through space,
But you don't see it now any more.
The cowboy has vanished, as everyone knows,
And roundups and brandings have ceased;
You see him now only in fifty-cent shows
'Neath circus tents, back in the East.

The whoop of the savage no longer is heard,
As he lifted some emigrant's hair;
Our blood, by his slaughter, no longer is stirred,
As it was in the palmy days there.
Today, in the East, Lo is now at his best,
Where with squaw and pappoose he is seen
Posing daily in dramas depicting the West,
In front of a picture machine!

Time was when the buckskin-fringed hero stalked by
With a couple of guns, on parade;
And nobody stopped him, or questioned him why
With such arsenal he was arrayed.
But the time soon arrived when the scout had to go,
And his whereabouts were not discussed.
For we know he signed up with a blood-curdling show,
And draws pay from the theatre trust!

OUR FADING CHARACTERS

Oh, yes, there's a change in the West of today,
And the heroes of old are no more.
Six-shooters and spurs both have left us to stay,
Or to hang in some curio store.
And the man from the East, as a matter of fact,
Is corraled by some seller of soil,
Who would load him with lots in a suburban tract,
Or "bust" him through dealings in oil!

A CORRAL SOLILOQUY

YOU'VE been roped an' saddled an' bridled an' straddled,
I've spurred you an' quirted you, too;
You squealed an' cavorted, you sunfished an' snorted,
As 'round the corral we both flew.
Your temper is sassy, your actions is classy,
For buckin' you've sure got an itch;
I've swore I will bust you so that I kin trust you,
So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

Your eye is a-fire with one bad desire—
To git me down there in the dirt!
Go to it, ol' feller, there's no streak o' yeller
Down under my blue flannel shirt!
I've met you an' matched you, I've larruped an' scratched you,
You cain't pile me there in the ditch!
You won't be the winner, you buck-jumpin' sinner!
So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

You're gruntin' an' lungin' an' squealin' an' plungin',
An' corkscrewin' 'round like a top!
You'd sure like to eat me, but you cain't unseat me!
I'll ride you, ol' hawss, till you drop!
You are a jim-dandy, you're tough an' you're sandy,
The way you go to it is rich!
So keep on a-humpin' yer back up an' jumpin',
An' pitch, you ol' pie-biter pitch!

A CORRAL SOLILOQUY

You're gittin' some wheezy! You don't find it easy
To rattle this whoopin' cowpunch!
In spite of your kickin', you see I'm still stickin',
So lemme jest hand you a hunch:
You ain't the fust disgusted cayuse I've busted,
An' rid to a frazzle an' sich,
If you only knew it, you gotta come to it,
So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

A SPOILED OUTFIT

WE'RE takin' city boarders
Down on the ol' ranch now,
And charge 'em fancy prices
To watch us brand a cow!
We feed 'em bunkhouse fodder,
They bed down on the floor;
This ol' ranch ain't a-runnin'
The way it was no more!

We uster rise at daylight
And be off on the range.
We don't do that no longer,
And gosh! but it seems strange.
We uster eat by lamplight,
But now we eat at eight,
Becuz our city boarders
Are used to sleepin' late.

We ain't alone no longer
Where we can joke and chin;
And when we start off ridin',
Them boarders all butt in!
They ask the durndest questions,
And borry all our traps,
To make believe they're cowboys
In high-heeled boots and chaps!

A SPOILED OUTFIT

We have to chaperone 'em,
  And let the ranch work slide!
Them tenderfeet are spoilin'
  Us boys who uster ride!
They're usin' our best broncos,
  And pretty soon, by jing,
A hawss won't know his bizness
  In any puncher's string!

But then, the boss he pays us
  Our money jest the same
As if we was a-workin'
  Right at the cowpunch game!
Of course it ain't our bizness
  How things is run, by gum!
But darned if this 'ere cow ranch
  Ain't goin' on the bum!

CATTLE LAND'S FAREWELL

THERE ain't no Cattle Land no more!
The country's wire-fenced!
Things ain't the way they was before
The western rush commenced.
The open range that once we had,
No more is grazin' grounds;
The cow game's goin' to the bad
Since we are kept in bounds.

Our herds was free, in early days,
To wander where they would;
No lines was set for them to graze,
They got it where they could.
But now the onward march of Time
Has brought about a change,
And Cattle Land brands it a crime
To grab another's range!

We wasn't warned by bands of wire
Which stretched their lengths ahead,
That we must bring our stock no nigher,
But turn 'em back instead.
We didn't grab the water-holes,
And hold 'em fer our own;
The old-time cattle men had souls—
There wa'n't no grazin' zone!

CATTLE LAND'S FAREWELL

We neighbored in a friendly way,
  Though we was far apart.
Nobody told us go or stay,
  And we was big of heart.
We loved the lands that held our herds
  As long as we was free,
And didn't have no warring words
  'Bout what our rights should be!

But now across our hard-won lands
  They've stretched the wire through,
And put on us restrainin' hands,
  And told us what to do.
We're marchin' down the Western slope,
  'Tis Progress bids us go,
But in our breasts the fires of Hope
  Are burnin' dim and low!

SPRING IN SAGEBRUSH

IN Sagebrush Land it's springtime, and the desert is a-bloom
With a weave of wondrous colors from old Mother Nature's loom!
Ev'ry bronco's feelin' lazy an' inclined to want to shirk,
An' us punchers have a feelin' we would ruther loaf than work!

We're a-lookin' fer the roundup to be startin' pretty quick,
But you say a thing about it an' the boys commence to kick!
'Cuz these balmy springtime mornin's, ev'rybody wants to doze,
An' when we will start to gather up the cattle, goodness knows!

On the bunkhouse steps we gather when the mornin' sun is seen
Shinin' on the distant hilltops, where the grass is turnin' green.
An' we sit an' roll the makin's, idly talkin', as we drowse,
On all subjects under heaven but the one of steers an' cows!

SPRING IN SAGEBRUSH

We had ought to be a-ridin' on the range a-huntin' strays,
But we feel like we was locoed these sunshiny springtime days!
The foreman sure is cussin' at the lazy way we do,
But the range is shy of punchers—an' we guess he knows it, too!

Our saddles are a-hangin' in the bunkhouse on the wall,
But we only grunt o' mornin's when we hear the "grub-pile" call!
'Cuz in Sagebrush Land it's springtime, and us punchers, in our hearts,
Feel that we don't care, by thunder, if the roundup never starts!

"CUPID" ON A COW RANCH

A BOSTON gal, the foreman's niece,
Is here to spend a month er two,
An' sence she come, there ain't no peace—
The boys is locoed clean plumb through!
They buy b'iled shirts an' fancy socks,
An' try to sling on loads o' style,
An' go to town an' blow their rocks
Fer presents every little while!

I never seen sich monkey biz
On this here cattle ranch afore!
The foreman says that niece o' his
Has set the bunkhouse in a roar!
The boys they try to comb their hair,
An' slick it up with ile an' dope!
An' jest fer plain cow hands, I swear
They're usin' up a raft o' soap!

Pink Bates is shavin' ev'ry night!
An' Shorty goes down to the crick
An' scrubs hisself till he's as white
As any dood! It makes me sick!
An' gosh! the dog they're slingin' on
When they strut out to the corral!
An' all becuz they're jest dead-gone
On that swell-lookin' Boston gal!

I don't know how it's comin' out!
She ain't give anyone a hunch!
But you would think, to hear 'em spout,
That she's dead-stuck on all the bunch!
I don't know how she'll end the race,
But here is what I hope, by jing:
That she won't hang around this place
Until the roundup starts next Spring!

TO HIS COW HORSE

YOU are homelier than sin!
  Wouldn't take no beauty prize!
You are scrubby and you're thin,
  And the devil's in yore eyes!
But, ol' pal, I'd bank on you
  Over any thoroughbred,
'Cuz I know what you kin do
  When you take it in yore head.

When I tackled you at first,
  You was somethin' on the pitch!
Fer awhile I got the worst,
  And I landed in the ditch!
How you blatted and you bawled
  Buckin' 'round the ol' corral,
When astride your frame I crawled
  And let out a cowboy yell!

There is ginger in you yet,
  Though you stand with droopin' ears!
Oh, you ain't no slouch, you bet,
  When it comes to partin' steers!
'Course you ain't so much on style,
  'Cuz yore rode and larruped hard,
But I'd hunt a derned long while
  'Fore I found a better pard!

TO HIS COW HORSE

Though yore ugly as the deuce
  When a mean streak strikes yore skin,
And you sometimes jar me loose
  When that pitchin' you begin;
Though yore looks don't cut much ice,
  You kin put this in yore pipe:
Ain't nobody got yore price,
  'Cuz you ain't fer sale, by cripe!

AUTUMN ON THE RANGE

OFF across the wide arroyo sweeps the breezes of the fall,
Where the haze of Injun summer sort o' lingers over all.
Ev'ry bronco is cavortin' in the chilly autumn air,
And the yippin' of their riders is resoundin' ev'rywhere.

The campfire smoke is risin' sort o' lazy-like and slow,
Where the cook is busy mixin' up a batch of sour-bread dough.
The boys who rode on night-herd are a yawnin' in their beds,
While the foreman showers cuss-words down upon their sleepy heads.

There's a smell of fryin' bacon as it sizzles in the pan,
And the boys'll soon be lined up at the mess-box to a man.
And the cups'll be a-clatter, for the coffee's b'ilin' hot,
While the slapjacks that are bakin' are a-goin' to hit the spot.

Soon the dustclouds will be risin' where the herd is straggin' through,
And there'll be some lively doin's by the hull blamed round-up crew.
There'll be runnin', there'll be dodgin', when they start to cuttin' out,
And the sagebrush flats will echo with the cowman's lusty shout.

So you'd better cord yer beddin' and then climb into yer
chaps,
And when you have gulped yer coffee, cinch yer latigoes
and straps;
For they're drivin' in the hawss-herd, and the puncher's
day's begun,
And there's goin' to be some sweatin' 'fore the brandin'
all is done!

TO HIS PAL

WE'VE bunked fer years together, pal,
An' worked with many a round-up crew,
In sagebrush an' in chaparral,
An' where the dusty greasewood grew.
We've served our time a-trailin' steers,
We've swallowed many a cow camp's feed,
An' felt the thunder jar our ears
On many a howlin' night stampede.

We've stuck together—you an' me—
In rain an' sun, in storm an' shine!
On many a wild-eyed jamboree
I've saved your skin—as you hev mine!
We've rode the trails through Lonesome Land,
With good ol' pardners of our rank,
An' many a steer has felt the brand
We seared upon his quiverin' flank!

When sun-scorched weather burnt us brown,
We rode the range—jest me an' you;
We've shot the lights all out in town,
An' painted things a crimson hue!
We've faced death scores o' times, ol' pard,
An' never flinched in any fight!
Sometimes we played a losin' card,
But stayed there with the game all right!

TO HIS PAL

Across the sagebrush flats we've jogged,
  Out where the desert stretches roll;
We've hauled out many a steer 'twas bogged
  While drinkin' at some water-hole.
We've busted many a bronco's pride,
  That pitched an' bawled an' humped his back,
An' many a bacon rind we've fried
  Out in some lonely ol' line shack!

We've seen the Western country change,
  An' watched our wilder customs fade.
We've seen the sheep-men grab the range
  Where once our herds of longhorns strayed.
An' now, with hair that's streaked with gray,
  We're joggin' on to'rds Time's corral,
Knee rubbin' knee—the good ol' way—
  Jest you an' me together, pal!

THE FINALE OF THE PUNCHER

WHEN the last great herd has vanished,
And the open range is gone,
When the cattle all are banished,
And their numbers are withdrawn.
When the brandin' days are over,
And the ropin' all is through,
Then it is we'll sit and wonder
What's the cowpunch goin' to do?

When the cowman comes to sever
What connections he had left;
When the trail-herds pass forever,
And there ain't a cayuse left.
When the ol' chuckwagon rumbles
O'er the ridges out o' view,
And the cook quits yellin' "Grub-pile!"
What's the puncher goin' to do?

When the squealin', buckin' bronco
Has become an ol' plow nag,
When the saddle and the poncho
Hang up in an ol' grain bag;
When his spurs and bits are rustin'
And his gun is useless, too,
And there's no more round-ups startin',
What's the cowpunch goin' to do?

THE FINALE OF THE PUNCHER

When the last night-herdin's finished,
  And he's seen his last stampede,
When the bunkhouse gang's diminished,
  And of brand-irons there's no need;
When the ol' worn yellow slicker
  Is put by for store-duds new,
And his chaps have been discarded,
  What's the puncher goin' to do?

When there ain't no wild West longer,
  When the plains are seas of grain;
And the nesters crowd in stronger,
  Till the cowman can't remain.
When the ol' life's but a vision
  To which he must bid adieu,
Tell me, oh, my ol' range pardners,
  What's the puncher goin' to do?

MY DESERT FASTNESS

I'M in my desert fastness—
The silent, painted land,
Where sunrise glories thrill me,
And where, across the sand,
Gleam splendors which no painter
But God Himself can show,
In changing lights and shadows,
Spilled by the sunset's glow.

Across the wide arroyos
The broken buttes rise high,
And far beyond, the mountains,
Whose white crests pierce the sky.
The wine-like air brings to me
The desert smells I love—
The scent of sage and greasewood
From mesa lands above.

I'm in my desert fastness—
A barren solitude—
No city noises clanging
Outside my cabin rude.
Only the gentle breezes
Across the sagebrush floor,
In low-crooned, soothing whispers,
Drift idly past my door.

MY DESERT FASTNESS

Oh, glorious desert country
  Your magic spell I know!
Your lure is strong, resistless,
  When from your depths I go!
Your wild wastes call and beckon,
  In accents glad and true,
And your calm stretches soothe me
  When I return to you!

A SHATTERED IDOL

WHEN first he struck the old Bar-Z,
I'll own he looked blamed good to me.
He threw a line of flossy dope
About how he could pitch a rope,
And handed out some foxy talk
How he could make bad broncos walk;
He sed he'd rode the range for years,
And was a peach at handlin' steers.

He did so much, by smile and word,
My tender cowgirl heart was stirred,
And 'twasn't very long till he
Was all the time close-herdin' me,
And tryin' hard, by voice and hand,
To rope and slap on me his brand,
While I give him a sort o' hunch
He was the boss steer in the bunch.

He sed his aunt in Buffalo
Had got dead oodles of the dough,
And he was heir to all her cash,
And sometime he would cut a dash.
It was to me a mild surprise,
When he gazed down into my eyes,
And asked me if I'd be his wife,
But I jist sed, "You betcherlife!"

* * * * * *

That was a week or two ago.
Today he ain't a ghost o' show!
I took him as the real range stuff,
But he was springin' jist a bluff.
I wouldn't marry him, by jing,
For all his cash and ev'rything!
He ain't no good! Our ol' mule, Jack,
Bucked him ker-flop upon his back!

THE FADING FRONTIER

THE old frontier is fadin', and the real West is no more;
Bucks and squaws don't hang out longer down at the post trader's store.
Beaded buckskin's been supplanted by the cheaper calico,
And you've got to go to Boston for a real wild Western show.

There is no more bronco bustin', to the clank of heavy spurs,
And a round-up comes so seldom we don't know when it occurs.
When a tenderfoot's among us, he ain't made to dance away
To the music of a six-gun, like the story-writers say.

Nowadays there ain't no ponies lazin' at the hitchin' rack,
While the cowboy in the booze-joint dallies with a greasy pack.
And the bad men of the border they are all killed off or gone,
And the marshal's job is easy, 'cuz there's no more shootin' done.

THE FADING FRONTIER

Wide sombreros are discarded; high-heeled boots are out
o' date,
And the man who packed a six-gun cain't keep up his
old death rate.
While that fairy tale you've heered of, where the boys
shoot out the lights,
Is no longer on the program as one of the drawin' sights.

Yes, the old frontier is fadin', and the West has had its
day;
For the risin' generation don't do things the old-time way.
There's no graveyard on the hillside filled with blunderin'
recruits
Who've been planted 'neath the daisies still a-wearin' of
their boots.

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

HAVE you gazed on the desert when Springtime's blush was spreading across the land,
When a painted ocean of riotous bloom the sagebrush stretches spanned?
Have you felt the breath of the warm south wind as it crooned to the mesas fair,
When the sunrise gilded the broken buttes in a shimmer of glory there?

Have you traversed the desert when molten skies were quivering overhead?
When the yuccas drooped in the glaring hills, and the mesas were bare and dead?
When the fevered earth, in the stifling air, fair gasped as it wilted down,
And the rolling range was a withered waste and the 'royos were dry and brown?

Have you seen the heavens with dust-clouds dimmed, and the sun like a yellow ball,
While mad winds bellowed across the sand where the creaking freighters crawl?
Have you felt the sting of the fearsome gusts and reeled in the choking blast,
As the shrieking tempest caught and flung the blinding sand-clouds past?

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

Have you delved for gold in the treacherous hills, led on
by an eager hope?
Have you felt the thrill of the "desert rat" in the "color"
along the slope?
Have you staggered over the arid sands to the desert-
phantom's gleam,
With a dry canteen and a swollen tongue, toward a
mocking, fading stream?

Have you camped at night when the full moon rose and
silvered the buttes hard by?
Have you felt that desolate, lonely hush at the coyote's
quavering cry?
If you have, you know of the desert's lure, and the spell
of the blistering range,
That grips and holds with a magic hand, where the sand-
dunes shift and change.

STANDING ON HIS MERITS

IT'S many a time I've plugged the lights,
An' shot holes through the bar
When I've rid in to see the sights
From off the range afar.
I've nicked the tenderfoot's bootheels
With bullets from my gun,
But I ain't been mixed up in deals
Where killin's must be done.

I know I've painted some things red
When I've come off the range,
An' sometimes I have lost my head,
An' acted wild an' strange.
I've rid my hawss in through the door
To git somebody's goat,
But one thing I ain't done, fer shore—
I never sold my vote!

You cain't blame me fer gittin' gay,
An' playin' my best cyards,
When I've spent many a lonesome day
With steers an' cows fer pards.
I may hev made a dern big noise,
An' yelled to beat the band,
But I hain't never robbed the boys,
Ner changed a cowman's brand!

STANDING ON HIS MERITS

I know I ain't no parlor gent—
  That ain't the range I browse—
But I ain't never stole a cent,
  Ner rustled no man's cows.
I reckon I'm about as square
  As some swell guy of rank
Who's wanted by the sheriff there
  Fer bustin' up a bank!

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN SAGEBRUSH

IT IS Chris'mus week in Sagebrush, and the old town's only store
Never had, since it was opened, such a run o' trade before.
Ev'ry rancher is a-blowin' his "dinero" full and free
Buyin' gim-cracks for the young 'uns to put on the Chris'-mus tree.

The cowboys ride in muffled in their wolf-skin coats and chaps,
And the rancher's wife is wearin' all her extry furs and wraps.
The roads are rough and rutty, and the draws are full o' snow,
And the Sagebrush weather prophet swears it's thirty-five below.

The ponies are a-standin' all a-shiver at the rack,
And they champ their bits and nicker for their riders to come back.
Ev'ry poker joint is runnin', and there's faro and roulette,
And the booze-joints are a-grabbin' all the punchers they can get!

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN SAGEBRUSH

The pitcher-show is crowded full o' riders off the range,
Who are watchin' actor-cowboys doin' stunts both new and strange.
Ev'ry film brings groans and hisses, 'cuz those *hombres* on the screen
Go through lots o' monkey bizness that no cow ranch ever seen!

The town's one street is swarmin' with a motley cavalcade,
And the reservation Injun in his togs is on parade.
His squaw brings lots o' plunder of the beaded kind to sell,
While her lord goes after whisky—but cain't even git a smell!

From the dance-hall comes the echoes of a squeaky violin,
Where the painted dames are ropin' all the whoopin' cowboys in.
Fer it's Chris'mus week in Sagebrush, and there won't a puncher go
Back to ride the wintry ranges while he has a cent to blow!

ON NIGHT HERD

SO-HO, longhorns! Quit yer bawlin',
Bed down now, and be good steers!
Can't you hear the cowboys callin',
And a-singin' in your ears?
You're in fer a good ol' cussin'
If you don't stop rangin' 'round!
Go to sleep and quit yer fussin',
Pawin' up this swell bed-ground!

So-ho, longhorns! Stop yer proddin'!
Quiet down and mind yer boss,
And I'll sing to you whilst ploddin'
'Round the herd on my ol' hawss!
I cain't bawl out like Caruso,
But I'll try my level best!
If you want to hear me do so,
Jest lie down and go to rest!

So-ho, longhorns! Stop that beller,
Or you'll start a mad stampede!
You'd jest like to make a feller
Lead you in a burst o' speed!
Like to wake the boys a-lyin'
Back there by the fire tonight,
So they'd hafto ride a-flyin'
Fer to stop yer skeery flight.

ON NIGHT HERD

So-ho, longhorns! Stop that mooin'!
  Darn them Diamon' Circle cows!
All they want to be a-doin'
  Is a-rangin' 'round to browse!
You ain't hungry; you've had water
  And you've had a bully feed.
Lie down, longhorns, like you oughter!
  Ain't a darn thing that you need!

So-ho, longhorns! Now I wonder
  What the devil is that noise?
Gosh, it sounds to me like thunder!
  Reckon I'd best wake the boys!
Hi! you punchers! In yer saddles!
  Bunch 'em close and hold 'em so!
Quick! Afore the herd skedaddles!
  (WOOF!) By hokey! Thar' they go!

THE HOMESICK COWBOY

I'M tired and sick of the city!
My love for its racket has flown.
And nobody cares—that's the pity!
That I'm here a stranger—alone!
I want to go back where it's quiet,
To the land that I know is the best;
I'm homesick, and I won't deny it—
I want to go back to the West!

I'm sick of New Yawk and its flurry,
I'm tired of all of its noise!
I jest want to pack up and hurry
Back there to the ranch—and the boys!
I'm weary of streets that are slimy!
These pavements I plumb sure detest!
I hate it—so sooty and grimy!
I want to go back to the West!

I want to git out where the breezes
Ain't smothered by canyons of brick!
Where a feller kin do as he pleases,
With nobody makin' a kick!
I'm hungry to tackle a saddle;
This loafin', in town I detest!
Oh, Gawd! fer a bronco to straddle!
I want to go back to the West!

THE HOMESICK COWBOY

I'm sick of the grinnin' and guyin'
When folks size me up on the street!
Yes, pard, there is no use denyin'
I long fer a cowpuncher's seat!
The bunkhouse lights seem to be gleamin'
Way over the canyon's wild crest—
And me here alone—and a-dreamin'
I want to go back to the West!

I'm lonesome to hear a cow bawlin',
I'm hungry fer sagebrush and sand!
Fer nights with the coyotes a-callin'
Fer somethin' that's wearin' a brand!
What wouldn't I give right this minnit
To be on the range with the rest,
When the round-up was on—and me in it!
Oh, I want to go back to the West!

THE MAN FROM "CHERRYCOW"

A NEW top hand blowed in today
From down around the Cherrycow.
He started in to talk—and say!
You'd thought nobody else knowed how
To pitch a rope or run a brand,
Or ride a buckin' outlaw nag!
But he soon got to understand
This cow camp wa'n't no place to brag!

He told about the rides he'd made
On outlaws no one'd ever rode.
How he clumb on and how he stayed!
That cuss from Cherrycow sure blowed!
He had us all backed off the map,
And might have held the rep he claimed,
But for one fortunate mishap
Which must have made him plumb ashamed!

Our foreman, Shorty Bates, says he:
"That's some talk, stranger, that you spring.
Come down to the corral with me,
And back up all them words you sling.
We got an ol' blue roan out here,
And if you stick ten jumps on her,
You git a job right through the year
A-breakin' broncs at sixty per."

THE MAN FROM "CHERRYCOW"

The man from Cherrycow he laffed,
  And trailed off down to the corral,
While Shorty follered him, and chaffed
  The Cherrycow bronc-peeler well.
"I'll bet ten bones," says he, "right now
  That I kin ride that bronc' and stick!"
And Shorty says to Cherrycow:
  "Here's ten that you cain't do that trick!"

They roped the roan and cinched her tight!
  She bawled and bucked like all possessed,
But Cherrycow clumb on all right,
  With pride a-bulgin' out his vest.

* * * * * * * * * * *

They're in the bunkhouse with him now!
  I reckon doc'll pull him through.
But there's one man from Cherrycow
  Who bit off more'n he could chew!

THE WANDERER

I LONGED for the throbbing city, with its hurry and rush and all,
The bustle of constant traffic, and I thought I could hear it call.
I thought that I hated the Open, the silence and solitude,
Where hushed are the great wide stretches, and clamor does not intrude.

I dreamed of the noise of commerce, I sighed for the marts of trade,
Where the roar of traffic deafens, and business is never stayed.
I looked on my desert fastness as liked to a prison cell,
And I chafed that my life was fettered and held by a changeless spell.

I came from my silent ranges and breathed of the city life;
I plunged in its gayest pleasures, and tasted its toil and strife.
I felt the taint in my nostrils that flowed on its ceaseless tide,
And I recklessly ran the gamut of all of its evil side.

And then I woke from my dreaming, and saw in the distance there
My glorious, wide, free ranges, and tasted the wine-like air!
And voices came drifting to me from over the seas of sand:
"Come back to your desert fastness! Come back to your sun-kissed land!"

I saw, in the hazy distance, the trail to my cabin door,
And smelled on the whispered breezes the scent of the sage once more.
And I will obey the summons that leaps in my blood and thrills,
And list to the lure that beckons my heart to the desert hills!

THE RANGE COOK'S "HOLLER"

THEY sing of the puncher, that knight of the range
who rounds up the bellerin' steer,
Who rides at the head of a midnight stampede with nary
a symptom of fear;
They tell of his skill with the six-gun and rope, but no-
body mentions the dub
Who trails the chuckwagon through desert and plain, and
never yet failed with the grub!

The weather may find us in mud or in rain; may bake us
and sizzle us down,
The treacherous quicksands may mire us deep, and the
leaders and wheelers may drown.
The blizzards may howl and the hurricane blow, or Injuns
may camp on our trail,
But nary excuse will the foreman accept for havin' the
chuckwagon fail!

For off on the range is the puncher who rides through
buck-brush and sage and mesquite,
With an appetite fierce for the bacon we fry and the
flapjacks we bake him to eat.
And we must be waitin' with grub smokin' hot when
riders come clatterin' in,
No matter what troubles we've bucked up against or what
the delays may have been.

So in singin' yer songs of the men of the Plains who
trailed it through desert and pine,
Who roughed it from Idaho's borders clear down to the
edge of the Mexican line,
Don't give all the due to the puncher of steers, but chip
in some dope of the dub
Who trailed the chuckwagon in sun or in storm, and
never yet failed with the grub!

HIS COWGIRL SWEETHEART

AIN'T she jest a beauty, stranger?
Slickest one in all the bunch!
Best of all, she says she loves me,
An' I've cottoned to the hunch!
She's my little cowgirl—savvy?
With a heart that's true an' pure!
Got her corraled, roped an' branded,
Yes, an' hog-tied, stranger—sure!

Gosh! she was a little vixen
When I shied my rope at her!
Pawed an' snorted like tarnation!
Bucked like all possessed—yes, sir!
Had to use some slick palaver
'Fore I got my noose on tight!
That's her lopin' off—say, stranger,
Ain't she simply out o' sight!

Ride? They's nothin' that is runnin'
On four laigs that she cain't ride!
Ought to see her sit a saddle
When she's lopin' at my side!
Thar's some class to what *she* hands 'em!
On yer life, she cain't be beat!
Things move *mucho pronto*—savvy?
When she warms a saddle-seat!

HIS COWGIRL SWEETHEART

Mavericked 'round the range dern lonely
'Fore I cut her from the herd!
Shied around her mighty keerful!
Too plum' skeered to say a word!
Didn't savvy all her chaffin'
Till I saw her glad eyes shine
With the love-light that was in 'em—
Then I knowed that she was mine!

Ain't she built fer keeps? You betcher!
Talk about yer slick ones—*say!*
Trim an' natty as they make 'em!
She's a sure swell-looker—hey?
Got a step light as a fairy's!
Eyes jest like twin jeweled stars!
Thar she is! That's her a-smilin'
At me from the corral bars!

"BAD MAN" JONES

"BAD MAN" Jones he come to town
To have his yearly spree!
Shot the hull place up an' down,
An' sideways, too, by gee!
Cowed the barkeep at one glance!
An' plugged out all the lights!
An' made a Boston lunger dance
Who'd come to see the sights!

"Bad Man" Jones he took the place
An' run the marshal out!
Had the hull dern populace
Plumb skeered, they ain't no doubt!
Made us do jest as he'd choose!
An' when he ordered drinks,
Wasn't no one dast refuse
To licker up, by jinks!

"Bad Man" Jones he sure was game!
He shot holes ev'rywhere!
Didn't stop to take no aim
When smokin' up the air!
Shot the boot-heels off'n some,
An' laffed when they turned pale!
Nary deputy dast come
An' march him off to jail!

"BAD MAN" JONES

"Bad Man" Jones he swaggered 'round,
  A gun in either hand!
Sheriff tackled him, an' found
  He didn't have no sand.
"Bad Man" Jones he fired one shot!
  The sheriff stopped the pill!
Now he's in a shady spot
  'Way up there on Boot Hill!

"Bad Man" Jones he made us sweat!
  But now his reckerd's dim!
'Cuz his wife—a suffragette—
  Got plumb after him!
Took his gun right on the spot,
  An' talked in thunder tones,
An' now the meekest man we got
  Is that same "Bad Man" Jones!

A CHANGE OF OUTFITS

LORD, look down on this poor sinner,
Weak and worn with Satan's brand!
Twenty years he's been a winner
Every time he showed his hand!
Twenty years he's kept me workin'
With his low-lived outfit there,
With me never once a-shirkin'
From a-doin' my full share.

Lord, he's had me noosed and hobbled!
Had me hog-tied, tripped and slung!
All my best years he has gobbled
Ev'ry word from off my tongue.
I ain't halter-broke your way, Lord,
I ain't never rode your range,
But I'm right here now to say, Lord,
That I want to make a change.

Lord, your outfit seems to strike me!
And your range is big and wide;
Wonder if your bunch will like me,
If I sign with them to ride?
That there heaven-range they've told me
Don't have blizzards, storm nor strife,
And is big enough to hold me
Fer the balance of my life!

A CHANGE IN OUTFITS

Lord, I'm only jest a battered
  Poor ol' maverick, rough and lame!
All the good in me plumb shattered,
  Greenhorn to this heaven-game.
Used to beddin' down with sinners,
  'Sted of flowery beds of ease!
Herd me, Lord, with your beginners,
  Break me any way you please!

Lord, jest slip your noose about me!
  Draw it tight and hold it fast!
Ol' Nick's got to do without me!
  Herdin'-days with him are past!
I'll change outfits with my saddle,
  And a gospel-cayuse ride!
That's the bronc' fer me to straddle
  Till I cross the Big Divide!

FOREST CONSERVATION IN CRIMSON GULCH

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
We've cattle rustlers three
To hang upon it now!
Oh, do not touch a limb!
We're after Six-Gun Lew,
And when we capture him,
He'll decorate it, too!

This tree, in days of yore,
Was old Judge Lynch's pride!
Upon its branches more
Than twenty men have died!
Train-Robber Bascom swung
From that limb to his death,
Here Hoss-Thief Higgins hung
Till he was short of breath!

In other days than these,
Within this sheltered glade,
So many hanging bees
We held beneath its shade!
This oak we will defend!
Tonight we storm the jail!
Take Quick-shot Sparks and send
Him over the Long Trail!

FOREST CONSERVATION IN CRIMSON GULCH

We pray that you will spare
  This hardy tree so dear!
For many a hemp affair
  Will be pulled off right here!
The sheriff's posse's out
  For Slim Bill's band, you see;
They'll want these limbs, no doubt,
  To hold a neck-tie spree!

Woodman, hack it not!
  For to this tree we cling!
Tomorrow night we've got
  Two bandits who must swing!
So spare this tree, we pray,
  For it is our belief
This afternoon we may
  Hang that Bar-5 horse-thief!

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

THERE'S a whisper on the mesa!
There's a murmur on the hills!
And the dusty, dry arroyo
With a new life throbs and thrills!
Where the range was bare and lifeless,
And the sun-glare scorched the plain,
Lo! the brown earth is rejoicing
At the coming of the rain!

The sickly grass is turning
From the sodden brown to green,
With the dusty strain of summer
Disappearing in between!
From its long, unbroken slumber
It is waking once again,
With a song of joy and gladness
At the coming of the rain!

And the dull-eyed herds of cattle
Low their pleasure at the change
Which transforms the lifeless valleys
Into miles of greening range!
Soon the blooms will smile a welcome,
And in grandeur they will reign,
And each soft breeze croon a joy-song
At the coming of the rain!

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

The yucca-plumes will glisten
  Far upon the mountain-height—
Hoary sentinels on duty
  In their gleaming caps of white!
And the cactus and the greasewood
  Will be washing off its stain,
And be clothed in greening garments
  At the coming of the rain!

Down along the rocky ridges
  Will the rain-song sing its way!
It will drip and patter softly
  O'er the sagebrush seas of gray.
And the whole wide range so barren,
  With a glory new will reign,
And all Nature voice its rapture
  At the coming of the rain!

THE LAND OF THE SAGE

THERE'S something about it that "gits you,"
That lures with a call that is strong!
There's something about it that hits you,
That beckons and draws you along!
The skies are a little bit bluer,
The air has a tang of its own,
And friends are a little bit truer
In the land where the sagebrush is grown.

There's something about it alluring,
That holds you as if by a spell!
Its glories are ever enduring,
Its beauties no land can excel!
The love for its plains never changes,
The charm of its canyons enthrals;
There's something about its wide ranges
That grips you and beckons and calls!

It's mountains and hills captivate you!
You look on its streams with delight!
Its deserts, somehow, fascinate you,
You love those grim stretches by night!
Its desolate wastes weave about you
A spell which you can't understand.
You'll whisper, "I'm lonely without you!
I want you, my loved desert land!"

WHY ZACK FEELS "CHESTY"

ZACK BRIGGS is feelin' chesty fer a plain cow hand,
by gum!
I reckon now they's nothin' that'll keep him here to h'um.
It's sence his trip to Sagebrush that Zack's lofty style
began,
'Cuz 'twas there he had a offer from a movin' pitcher man.

Zack's been a-punchin' cattle on the Lazy-K three years,
An' we've never made no holler at the way he handled
steers.
He 'tended right to bizness, an' in troubled trails wa'n't
led,
Till this movin' pitcher geezer put queer notion in Zack's
head.

It seems the pitcher outfit come to Sagebrush t'other day
Fer to git some local color fer a cowboy-Injun play.
The boss he filled Zack's noodle with a lot o' guff that's
strange,
An' he sed the pitcher bizness beat cowpunchin' on the
range.

They was actor guys an' show-girls in the bunch they brung along,
An' the money that they offered must a-hit our Zack dern strong!
'Cuz the only thing required was to play the leadin' part
Where the cattle rancher's darter wins the cowboy hero's heart!

So Zack, he's goin' to leave us, an' he's all swelled up with pride,
But I bet he'll miss this outfit when they're startin' out to ride!
That 'ere movin' pitcher feller don't appeal to me a bit,
'Cuz I'm 'feared he'll raise the devil with the rest of my outfit!

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

A-WALKIN' down yer city streets,
Shet in by solid walls,
An' not a single friend that greets,
And no pard's voice that calls,
I feel more lonesome than I do
'Way out there on the range,
'Cuz everything I see is new,
An' ev'ry face is strange.

I'm darned if I kin understand
How city folks gits on!
It's rush an' jump to beat the band,
Till all o' daylight's gone.
An' after that, it's come an' go,
While everything jest hums
From time the sun is sinkin' low
Until the daylight comes!

Nobody hollers "Howdy-do!"
Ner stops to pow-wow some!
Nobody cares a darn fer you,
Ner who you be, by gum!
They elbows you along right smart,
An' cops tells you to "hike!"
But no one ever makes a start
To'rds bein' friendly-like!

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

I reckon I wa'n't made to be
  Cooped up in sich a place,
'Cuz you cain't look around an' see
  Some ol' pal's friendly face.
Yer sky-line bounds is walls o' brick,
  The air is damp an' foul!
It ain't no wonder that I kick,
  An' raise a he-wolf's howl!

I likes it best where elbow-room
  Is plenty big an' wide!
Where I kin glimpse a sea o' bloom
  Strung out on every side!
Where stampin' ground ain't all penned in
  By walls an' fences, too!
And where folks grabs you by the fin
  And hollers "Howdy-do!"

THE GRUB-PILE CALL

THERE'S lots o' songs the puncher sang in roundin' up his herds,
The music wasn't very grand, an' neither was the words.
No op'ry air he chanted when at night he circled 'round
A bunch o' restless longhorns that was throwed on their bed-ground.
But any song the cowboy on his lonely beat would bawl,
Wa'n't half as sweet as when our cook would start the grub-pile call.

I've heered 'em warble "Ol' Sam Bass" fer hours at a time,
I've listened to the "Dogie Song," that well-known puncher rhyme.
"The Dyin' Cowboy" made me sad, an' "Mustang Gray" brung tears,
While "Little Joe the Wrangler" yet is ringin' in my ears.
But of the songs the puncher sang, I loved, the best of all,
That grand ol' chorus when the cook would start the grub-pile call!

There wasn't any sound so sweet in all the wide rangeland;
There wa'n't a song the puncher was so quick to understand.

No music that he ever heard so filled him with delight
As when he saw the ol' chuck-wagon top a-gleamin' white,
An' like a benediction on his tired ears would fall
The sweetest music ever heard—the welcome grub-pile call!

I've laid at night an' listened to the lowin' of the steers,
I've heered the coyote's melancholy wail ring in my ears.
The croonin' of the night wind, as it swept across the range,
Was mournful-like an' dreary, an' it sounded grim an' strange.
But when the break o' day was near, and from our tarps we'd crawl,
The mornin' song that charmed us was that welcome grub-pile call!

THE OLD LINE SHACK

THERE wasn't much style about it;
It hadn't a polished floor,
But only the rough-hewn lumber
For walls, with a puncheon floor.
It stood on a treeless prairie,
Afar from the beaten track;
'Twas a cowpuncher's habitation—
That Three-Circle old line shack.

'Twas the rudest of western cabins,
Far out where the range lands roll,
But its comfort and cheer oft sheltered
Full many a kindly soul.
And often at night I've listened
As the fitful breeze flung back
The sound of a coyote's wailing,
From the Three-Circle old line shack.

Oh, many a trail song echoed
Up over its rafters there,
Where the curling smoke-wreaths circled
In the firelight's ruddy glare.
And many a thrilling story
Was tuned to the rifle's crack
In the days of wild border troubles,
In the Three-Circle old line shack.

THE OLD LINE SHACK

We welcomed each chance acquaintance,
And gave him a cheery hail;
We sheltered the lonely stranger
Who rode up the cattle trail.
The latch-string was ever hanging,
And never a soul turned back
Who sought for a meal or blanket
At the Three-Circle old line shack.

I've lived in palatial mansions,
Where comfort and wealth were spread;
Where tapestries hung, and clustered
Themselves 'round my downy bed.
But, oh, for those days Back Yonder,
On Time's ever-shifting track,
With my pardners who rode the ranges
From the Three-Circle old line shack!

REMARKS BY "BRONCO BOB"

I WOULDN'T make no Wall-street king!
I'm no financial guy.
I don't know much of anything
But makin' money fly!
But I kin pitch a rope an' git
A steer at ev'ry throw,
An' on the ranges I am "it,"
'Cuz cows is all I know!

I wouldn't make no parlor gent
Close-herdin' gals, that's right!
'Cuz I ain't wuth a tarnal cent
When wimmen heaves in sight!
But when I'm asked to read a brand,
Or tame an outlaw hawss,
Why, that's the biz I understand!
That's where I am the boss!

I couldn't sing no op'ry air,
At that I ain't no bird,
But I kin bawl out purty fair
When I am on night herd!
I don't know this "Il Trovatore"
That's bragged up purty steep,
But "Swannee River," when I roar,
Makes cattle go to sleep!

REMARKS BY "BRONCO BOB"

I ain't no city dude, that's sure,
With starched-up shirt, by gee!
For me the city has no lure,
It's Sagebrush Land fer me!
A hawss that's scrubby, tough an' hard,
An open range to roam
With jest my good ol' bunkhouse pard,
An' I am right at home!

I'm clean stampeded when some girl
Comes maverickin' 'round
To git my bronco heart a-whirl,
An' range my feedin' ground!
But when the brandin' fires gleam,
An' round-up work gits hot,
I ain't a-travelin' in no dream!
I'm Johnny-on-the-spot!

MY BUNKIE

(To Dr. F. C. Shurtleff)

WHO trailed it with me, year on year,
In herdin' longhorned cow an' steer,
But now ain't any longer here?
My bunkie.

Who had a heart so big an' free
He'd give his last durn cent to me,
Though lackin' stall-fed pedigree?
My bunkie.

Who as a buster was the boss;
Could tame the wildest outlaw hawss
That anyone could fetch across?
My bunkie.

Who wouldn't back down, on a dare,
To straddle anything with hair,
But rode it to a finish there?
My bunkie.

Who pitched a rope so skillful that
He allus got what he throwed at,
No matter if on hill er flat?
My bunkie.

MY BUNKIE

Who beat at poker ev'ry night
Down there around the bunkhouse light,
But played a game 'twas square an' white?
My bunkie.

Who stuck by me through thick an' thin,
In ev'ry scrap we figgered in,
An' many a time has saved my skin?
My bunkie.

Who was the best ol' pal I knew
In all the lone years we lived through,
A diamond rough, but tried an' true?
My bunkie.

Who stopped a bullet in a spree
With rustlers, that was meant fer me,
An' died, his head agin my knee?
My bunkie.

Who rides the heavenly ranges dim,
'Way up beyond the star-world's rim,
An' misses me—like I do him?
My bunkie.

THE HOMESTEADER

THE homesteader comes from a land that is fair,
To a land that is homeless and wide;
The broad, open prairies stretch out everywhere,
All fenceless, o'er draw and divide.
Within his sod shack does the homesteader dream
Of riches and wealth he shall win,
And he schemes and he plans, in the firelight's gleam,
Of the treasures his crops shall bring in.

The homesteader lives in a land that is lone,
Far out where the green stretches roll.
No sound of the city life enters his zone,
No master exacts from him toll.
The howl of the wolf, on the dim, star-lit night,
Is drearily borne to his ear.
To follow the plow is his only delight,
As he shapes out his lonely career.

He gives to the soil all the strength of the years,
The soil springs to life at his hand,
And slowly the desolate waste disappears,
And bounties from God crown the land.
And there, in the blessing of plenty and peace,
With those he may cherish and love,
The homesteader watches the comforts increase,
Which are showered on him from above.

TROUBLE FOR THE RANGE COOK

COME, wrangle yer bronco an' saddle him, quick!
The cook is in trouble down there by the creek!
Oh, cinch up yer latigoes, all o' you runts,
An' pull 'em so tight that yer ol' bronco grunts!
'Twill need all you punchers the foreman kin send,
'Cuz the chuckwagon's mired down there at the bend!

The cattle are scatterin' over the plain,
While punchers are yellin' in language profane!
But let 'em jest go—for the cook's in a muss,
An' quicksands are causin' the feller to cuss!
Oh, this is the time ev'ry puncher's his friend,
'Cuz the chuckwagon's mired down there by the bend!

Come on with yer ropes that are heavy an' stout!
No grub fer the bunch till the wagon's pulled out!
It's in to the hubs, an' a-sinkin' down slow,
An' cookie is cussin' an' watchin' it go!
Come! hustle, you punchers, an' haul him to land,
Before he is flooded by water an' sand!

A-strainin' of ropes an' a-gruntin' of nags,
An' woe to the puncher whose lariat sags!
It's spur 'em an' quirt 'em, an' make 'em lay to!
An'—now she is movin'! An'—hooray! she is through!
It's worth all the time that the effort required,
'Cuz it's nothin' to eat when the chuckwagon's mired!

BACK TO THE RANGE

I'VE played the movin' pitcher game
An' worked it good an' hard,
But it is too all-fired tame
For real cowpunchers, pard!
Them actor-guys are tenderfeet
That never saw the range,
An' when they hit a saddle-seat
Their ridin's fierce an' strange!

They put us through a lot o' stunts
That punchers never do!
A feller feels jest like a dunce
Afore the fillum's through!
It's mostly jest some honey-mush
About a gal, by gee!
It makes an honest puncher blush,
Sich goin's-on to see!

Becuz out on the range, you know,
Around the chaparral,
We never have no time to go
Close-herdin' any gal.
They's too much chasin' 'round fer strays,
Er else a-buildin' fence,
Er brandin' calves on round-up days,
Fer any sich nonsense!

BACK TO THE RANGE

They ain't a cuss in all the bunch
  Kin cinch a saddle right!
'Twould fetch a snort from a cowpunch!
  Their togs is jest a fright!
The other day I most was floored
  While watchin' of the boss,
Who, in one fillum, climbed aboard
  The wrong side of his hawss!

I'm sick of all sich sights as those!
  I'll quit, and go back there
Among the bunkhouse bunch that knows
  The cowboy game fer fair!
I'll strike for my ol' stampin'-ground
  Where range-life is lived true,
Where there's no actor-guys around
  To show me what to do!

THE OLD COWMAN

THE old cowman, with pipe aglow,
Is dreaming of the past.
Of troubled trails he used to know
Where longhorn steers were massed.
Of lonely hours, rough and hard,
On ranges wintry-blurred,
And stormy nights he used to guard
A restless, bawling herd.

The old cowman can glimpse once more
The line camp, far away,
Where sunshine lingered at the door,
Just at the break of day.
He hears his "bunkie" roaring out
An olden-time trail song,
And from the hills an answering shout
Comes echoing along.

The old cowman can close his eyes,
And see, as in a dream,
The punchers off on yonder rise,
Where branding fires gleam.
He hears the thud of restive feet,
The rush of frantic steers,
Which comes to him as music sweet,
Borne back adown the years!

THE OLD COWMAN

The old cowman looks far beyond
  The mountains white with snow,
To sloping mesas, fair and fond,
  Where soft the breezes blow.
And in his dreaming fancy still,
  He hears his bunkie's hail,
While over ridge and draw and hill,
  Drift herds he used to trail.

A LOCOED OUTFIT

THE new schoolmarm on Bear Paw Creek
Has rosy cheeks an' twinklin' eyes;
She's got my cowboys all love-sick!
I never seen sich locoed guys!

They want to shave now ev'ry day,
An' ile their hair an' change their clo'es!
The roundup's workin' down this way,
But they won't ride, I don't suppose.

Instid o' blowin' in their rocks
Fer silver spurs an' guns an' things,
They buy b'iled shirts an' fancy socks,
Store ties an' collars, too, by jings!

I don't suppose it's nothin' strange,
'Cuz gals is scarce around these parts;
Though she's ten mile across the range,
She's sure stirred my cowpunchers' hearts.

If they go out a-huntin' strays,
Or ridin' fence, they're sure to roam
To'rds Bear Paw Creek, to ride a ways
With that new schoolmarm goin' home!

They sure close-herd that schoolmarm gal!
  They're lovers that don't never shirk!
They hang around her home corral,
  An' do blamed little cowpunch work!

They moon around the bunkhouse door,
  Plumb jealous of each other, too!
I'm hopin' school will quit, afore
  She hypnotizes 'em clean through!

THE RANGE IN SPRING

THE grassy trails they lead me out where Springtime
breezes fall,
And through the aisles of bloom I hear the Springtime
voices call.
The desert's face is wreathed in smiles, where colors
richly blend
Into a sea of wondrous tints and beauties without end.

Above me sunny skies bend down and meet the sea of
bloom,
And prairie zephyrs waft abroad the rarest of perfume!
I catch the song of feathered friends that trill an echo
sweet,
While sunshine's benediction casts its splendors at my
feet.

I splash through muddy streams which come from rock-
ribbed canyon heights,
And on the sagebrush flats I see Spring wonders and
delights.
My bronco lopes at tireless pace across the mesas fair,
And Springtime odors come to me upon the soft winds
there.

And when the hand of God is seen a-crimsoning the skies,
And purple settings flash their rays as sunset's glory dies,
I wrap my blanket 'round me there and watch the star-
world gleam,
And in the firelight's ruddy glow I doze away, and dream!

THE NEW WEST

NO longer in the West
Does the "bad man" ride to town
With a gun beneath his vest
And a thirst that he must drown!
The old frontier has gone,
Men no longer wade in gore;
'Tis a newer, brighter dawn
That the West now has in store.

The days have long gone by
Since the men from Cattle Land
Rode through town upon the fly,
With a gun in either hand!
No lusty cowboy shout
Wakes the echoes, as in days
When they scattered lead about
With their six-guns all a-blaze!

The old West's disappeared;
Law and order are on tap!
For the outlaw now is skeered
To get out and start a scrap!
The graveyard on the hill
Has no latter-day recruits
Who have stopped a leaden pill
Still a-wearin' of their boots!

The tenderfoot don't dance
To the barkin' of a gun!
For he doesn't get a chance
Since the marshal stopped that fun.
And the Injun doesn't chase
After scalps of frightened whites,
And the frontier populace
Doesn't fear to sleep o' nights!

Yes, the West is gittin' tame
Since the nester came to stay;
It has lost its wooly name,
'Tis no longer wild and gay.
'Tis the reaper and the plow
Since the wild life had to go,
And you only see it now
In the movin' picture show!

THE COWMAN'S SADDLE

IT is big and wide and roomy and it's solid, every bit,
And there's fifty pounds of substance in the makin' up of it!
It isn't nothin' fancy, 'cuz it ain't made fer display,
It is just the cowman's workshop where he spends a busy day.

The seat is smooth and shiny, and it's colored a rich brown,
'Cuz it's polished on the roundup, or when he rides into town.
It gits hard knocks a-plenty, and it's out in rain and sun,
And gits throwed around permisc'us when the puncher's day is done.

The latigoes are heavy and the cinches good and strong,
So there won't be nothin' bustin' if the cowboy's work goes wrong.
And when he's settled in it, you can bet he makes things hum,
And whatever he may tie to when he's ropin' has to come!

When the old chuckwagon's mired, and the cook begins
to swear,
Then the puncher and his saddle and his rope are always
there!
When unlucky steers get foundered, and are sinkin' in
the sand,
'Tis the same old combination hauls the critters to dry
land!

But you can climb aboard it, and no matter where you go,
You will think you're in a cradle 'cuz the motion soothes
you so!
And when you have ridden in it fer about a week, by jing,
You will swear the cowman's saddle is about the proper
thing!

A BUNK HOUSE REVERY

HEAVEN may be a finer place
  Than this rollin' mundane sphere,
But I'm mighty glad I've got
  Interests that keep me here.
Streets of gold is mighty nice,
  And a shinin' crystal sea,
But you bet they don't entice
  Earthly charms away from me!

Mansions built o' precious stones,
  Angels wingin' up and down;
Music in harmonic tones,
  And a diamon'-studded crown—
Yes, it all sounds rather swell,
  When you've quit your life career,
But I hope that fer a spell
  I'll be brandin' cows down here!

Don't believe that heaven kin beat
  These ol' prairies in the Spring
When the birds is singin' sweet,
  And the grass peeps up, by jing!
Heaven may be a paradise,
  But I'd ruther spend my hours
Right where I kin feast my eyes
  On a range all decked with flowers!

A BUNK HOUSE REVERY

Why, the sun cain't shine, I know,
  Any brighter, way up there,
And no fairer breezes blow,
  I am certain, anywhere.
And no pal on heaven's range
  Beats the pard who shares my fun!
Betcher life I wouldn't change
  Good ol' Slim fer anyone!

Heaven is fine in lots o' ways,
  So the gospel-sharps hev told;
But I ain't a-huntin' strays
  Yet awhile, through streets o' gold.
Don't believe that heaven-spot
  With its angel band o' white,
And its harps and crowns has got
  This ol' earth discounted QUITE!

THE WEST

WHEN you have lived out in the West
Till it becomes a part of you,
And you've a feeling in your breast
No other spot on earth will do;
When you can call the desert "home,"
And love the ranges vast and drear,
Then every butte and rocky dome,
And stretch of sage will grow more dear.

When every flaming sunset seems
To hold you by a magic spell,
And you have visions in your dreams
Of mesa tops and chaparral,
And when the rolling prairie-land
You love more than the city street,
Then shall you know and understand
The charm which draws your eager feet.

When all of God's great out-of-doors
You worship with a new delight;
When rocky ridge and canyon floors
Show added wonders day and night;
When wide, free plains seem reaching out
To welcome you with open arms,
You will have learned, without a doubt,
The secret of the great West's charms.

When you can ride each lengthening trail
  Without a sense of loneliness;
When every coulee, draw and swale
  Holds beauties which you would possess;
When you can read the starry skies
  Beneath which you lie down to rest,
Then shall you know and realize
  The fascination of the West!

THE INEVITABLE

I'VE packed my war-bag full o' duds,
I've sacked my saddle, too;
They've sold the ranch to city bloods,
And I am feelin' blue.
The bunkhouse has been padlocked tight!
It's goodby to my pards!
No more around the old oil light
We'll have our game o' cards!

And down there in the ol' corral
The dust ain't flyin' thick,
And you don't hear no cowpunch yell
Whilst watchin' someone stick
Aboard a squealin' outlaw's back—
Them good old days hev gone!
And me and Slim and Happy Jack
Hev got to mosey on!

The range is shy the cows and steers
That roamed about at will.
I never heered, in years and years,
This old ranch so durn still!
They make me sick—them tenderfeets
That to this region trots
And lays this old ranch out in streets,
With fancy b'ildin' lots!

THE INEVITABLE

The pony bunch has all been sold!
  It durn near makes me cry;
It makes me think I'm gittin' old,
  To see the cow game die!
I reckon I must bow to Fate,
  When off this range I creep,
And earn my livin' in some state
  A-herdin' blattin' sheep!

THE CALL OF THE RANGE

NOTHIN' but man-made canyons
Of mortar and steel and brick!
Nary a stretch of open—
Gosh! but it makes me sick!
Nothin' but roar and jostle;
Only th' pace that kills!
Gimme th' ol' line cabin
Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nary a soft breeze croonin';
Nothin' but air that's foul,
Smoky and black and grimy,
And street cyars that moan and growl!
Oh, fer a desert sunrise,
With songs of th' birds that thrills,
And th' bunkhouse boys a-callin',
Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Rivers of ce-ment pavement!
Oceans of mac-a-dam!
Nothin' but rush and bustle!
Hurry and push and jam!
Wish't I was with th' cattle,
Out where the ki-yote shrills,
There in th' Lord's big open,
Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nobody seems t' see me,
  Though some of 'em stare dern hard;
I'm off'n my range, I reckon,
  Off'n my bed-ground, pard!
Hanged if I ain't nigh smothered!
  Cain't ketch a breath that fills!
Oh, fer them coolin' breezes
  Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Trompin' yer brick-built 'royos,
  Dreamin' of home sweet home!
Thinkin' of ol' range pardners
  Back where I used to roam!
Somethin' down here that's callin',
  Callin' in tones that thrills:
"Come—to yer wide, free ranges,
  Back in th' sagebrush hills!"

HIS TRADEMARKS

THE cowboy ain't no dandy
When it comes to wearin' clo'es,
But when he trails to the city,
He'll go as other folks goes.
But there's jest two things he's wearin'
From which he never scoots—
He'll stick to his ol' sombrero,
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

He'll tackle a stranglin' collar
That's hitched to a stiff b'iled shirt;
He'll discard chaps and gauntlets,
And wash off the prairie dirt.
But he'll hang to two possessions,
Though folks turn up their snoots—
He'll stick to his ol' sombrero—
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

He'll peel off his ol' bandana,
And his overalls, too, he'll drop,
And he'll wear store duds an' neckties,
And his ol' blue shirt he'll swap.
But for jest a part of his outfit
He never has substitutes—
He'll stick to his ol' sombrero—
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

HIS TRADEMARKS

He'll part his hair in the middle,
With perfume adorn his pelt;
He'll put on some store suspenders,
Instead of a ca'tridge belt.
He'll lay off the gun he's wearin'
But in spite of the jeers an' hoots,
He'll stick to his ol' sombrero—
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

Oh, yes, he's a queerish mixture
When in from the range he strays,
And puts on a town man's toggin's,
And copies the town man's ways.
But when to the town he's comin',
To mix with the dude recruits,
He'll stick to his ol' sombrero—
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

THE MOVING PICTURE COWBOY

THE cowboy game is busted 'cuz the cattle biz is dead;
The railroad trains go tootin' where the cattle trails once led.
The only time we ever hit the pace we uster know
Is when we're out performin' for a movin' pitcher show.

Our chaps and guns and saddles nowadays are only seen
When we are out a-doin' Western features for the screen.
We ain't woke up o' mornin's at the early flush o' dawn
To git out on the round-up, 'cuz the round-up's dead and gone!

We are gittin' better fodder than the range-cook slung at us,
Fer the feller that directs us is a decent sort o' cuss.
We are actor-guys for sartin, and the pay is ten a day
Jest to do a little posin' in a woolly Western play!

There is Hop-a-Long and Happy, me and Bony, Chip and Ben,
Who is doin' cowboy features for the movin' picture men.
The only thing axed of us is to rescue Cheyenne Lou
From the clutches of some Injuns that don't know a word o' Sioux!

We are gittin' fat and sassy, 'cuz the job's a snap, you bet!
And we draw our pay, no matter if the weather's shine or wet.
Cowpunchin' on the ranges was all right in days o' yore,
But the movin' pitcher bizness has it skinned a mile er more!

THE DESERT PROSPECTOR

O'ER miles and miles of arid plain,
Out where the coyote howls,
Where all the brown earth gasps for rain,
The old prospector prowls.
No lover of Progression he,
But stolidly and grim
He spurns the towns, and wanders free
Where desert lands lure him.

He stumbles o'er the great divides
In search for hidden gold,
And over trackless wastes he strides,
Through varied heat and cold.
The summer sun may scorch and sear,
The winter chill may blight,
But on the ridges, lone and drear,
His campfire gleams at night.

Alone, glum, moody, silent, stern,
A lover of the wild,
Back from the city's haunts he'll turn,
To his life reconciled.
Now cheered where prospects lure him on,
And golden colors gleam,
And now arising at the dawn,
To find it but a dream!

THE DESERT PROSPECTOR

Over the sand dunes, year on year,
The old prospector stalks!
Lured by the riches lurking near,
But which a harsh fate balks.
Tortured by thirst and storm and sun,
But with a courage bold,
The comforts of the town he'll shun
To delve for hidden gold!

A COWPUNCH COURTSHIP

SHE got me clean stampeded
  An' locoed to a turn!
I oughtn't to hev heeded
  Them fetchin' ways o' her'n.
I might hev knowed fer certain
  She'd git the bulge on me,
When I commenced a-flirtin'
  With her so all-fired free.

She was a peach, a pippin!
  An' 'twasn't nothin' strange
That I commenced a-skippin'
  Across onto her range.
I shouldn't gone cavortin'
  On her bed-ground, I know,
Head up an' jest a-snortin'
  To hog-tie her, you know.

You see, at this here love game,
  I wasn't halter-broke!
'Twas new to me—this dove game,
  I liked it—that's no joke!
An' when I started chasin'
  Around in her corral,
'Twa'n't long 'fore I was facin'
  Conditions which was hell!

A COWPUNCH COURTSHIP

I told her I was ready
To slap on her my brand!
She was close-herded steady
By this love-sick cow-hand.
But jest when I was tryin'
To slip on her my noose,
Why, she commenced a-shyin',
An' framin' an excuse.

* * * * * * * *

The boys ain't quit their naggin'
An' rubbin' on my raw!
My under lip is saggin'
The wust you ever saw!
There's reason fer it, maybe!
But 'twon't occur again—
She's married, and her baby
An' old man's in Cheyenne!

THE BUNKHOUSE BOYS

WHO are a mighty happy crew
In ev'rything they say and do?
The wildest bunch I ever knew—
The bunkhouse boys.

Who, though their manners may be rough,
Are true as steel—the pure-gold stuff,
And mighty quick to call a bluff?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who ride the ranges, lone and drear,
And herd the restless, bawlin' steer
Through storm and sunshine, year on year?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who ride through town to have their fun,
With foamin' broncos on the run,
And smoke a-spittin' from each gun?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who paint the town a lurid red,
When decent folks are all in bed?
That bunch that's allus raisin' Ned—
The bunkhouse boys.

Who blow their hard-earned ducats in
At playin' poker, lose or win,
Yet takes their losses with a grin?
The bunkhouse boys.

When they ain't broke, who allus lends
A five or ten-spot to their friends,
And don't expect no divvydends?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who are the kings of Sagebrush Land,
And allus out with the glad hand?
That crowd what wears the true-blue brand—
The bunkhouse boys.

THE COWMAN JUBILATES

THE sodden slopes are turnin' green
Where grassy shoots are peepin' out—
The purtiest sight you ever seen!
It makes a cowman want to shout!
The cattle snuff the warm south air,
An' calves are friskin' ev'rywhere!

Each dry arroyo tinkles now
With music of a singin' stream;
It sort o' seems to me somehow
Like Nature wakin' from a dream,
An' rubbin' of her eyes, an' then
A-donnin' her Spring duds again!

The dusty sagebrush sheds its stains
Of powdery, pungent alkali,
An' at the comin' of the rains
It seems to give a heart-felt sigh,
An' shake itself a time or two,
Then blossom out in gyarments new!

The bunkhouse rings with joyous shouts!
There ain't a puncher feelin' sore
Er even grouchy hereabouts,

Sence all the range waked up once more.
Jest hear 'em singin' as they ride
A-lopin' 'crost that big divide!

An' ev'ry bronco's wide awake,
An' gingery as he kin be!
They'll liven up an' no mistake,
When they hev browsed on filaree!
There ain't no spot on earth, by jing,
Like this cow ranch in early Spring!

A ROAR FROM THE BUNKHOUSE

NARY thing to eat Thanksgivin'
Only tin can truck!
Gittin' tired of sich livin',
Darn th' ornery luck!
Nothin' only beans an' bacon—
Pard, excuse these tears!
Seems jest like we've bin forsaken—
Darn this punchin' steers!

Folks back home are just a-stuffin'
Turkey meat an' pie!
Our blame cook is jest a-bluffin'!
Gosh, it makes me sigh!
No sich dinner fer us fellers
In this camp appears!
Turkey ain't fer cowboys' smellers—
Darn this punchin' steers!

Weather soggy-like an' murky,
Makes me mighty blue;
Thinkin' of Thanksgivin' turkey
Makes me homesick, too!
Sour-dough bread an' canned tomaters
Ain't the grub that cheers
Oh, fer pie an mashed pertaters!
Darn this punchin' steers!

A ROAR FROM THE BUNKHOUSE

Bunkhouse bunch are sick as blazes
  Bein' fed this way!
Gittin' so the maynoo raises
  Sam Hill every day!
Every mother's son a-kickin'
  When the truck appears!
Never git a sniff o' chicken—
  Darn this punchin' steers!

Same ol' beans an' bread furever!
  Gosh, we'd like a change!
Reckon we won't git it never
  While we ride the range.
Oh, fer some o' mother's cookin'—
  That's the dope that cheers!
Guess my callin' I've mistooken—
  DARN this punchin' steers!

AN OLD-TIMER'S LAMENT

NO more we'll hear the driver's shout,
Nor creak of wagon wheel!
The old stagecoach is down and out—
Our gloom we cain't conceal!
No clank of trace-chain any more
Across the mesas brown!
It's goodby to them days o' yore—
The railroad's come to town!

We listen fer the bronco's feet
A-poundin' down the trail,
Or windin' past sage and mesquite,
Across each hill and swale.
But, durn our ears! it isn't there,
And gosh, it makes us frown!
The old West's almost gone, I swear!
The railroad's come to town!

She uster come a-rockin' in
With broncos on the run,
Amid the shouts the dust and din—
But them old days is done!
We hear a toot and see some smoke
Beyond Ol' Baldy's crown,
And then we know it ain't no joke—
The railroad's come to town!

AN OLD-TIMER'S LAMENT

We uster stand and watch fer it
A-swayin' 'crost the flats,
And lungin' onward, hell-to-split!
And then we'd wave our hats
And hail the driver, "Shotgun Smith"—
Frontiersman of renown—
But all of that we've parted with—
The railroad's come to town!

There ain't no West no more, by jinks!
The old town's awful tame!
And ev'ry old-time plainsman thinks
That it's a beastly shame!
The old stagecoach is weather-scarred,
It stands there rottin' down!
It makes me plumb distracted, pard—
The railroad's come to town!

THE OLD COWMAN'S CHOICE

YOU kin have yer car as it's standin' thar,
With its paint all slick and bright,
Its brass work new, and its engine, too,
And its tires all sound and tight.
You kin speed it up like a frightened pup,
Till its motors purr and whine,
But fer downright joy in the West, ol' boy,
It's the ol' cow hawss fer mine!

Of course you go like a streak, I know,
As around the curves you wind,
And the engines hum with a soothin' thrum,
As you leave the miles behind!
You open her wide and you let her slide,
Where the roadway's smooth and fine!
But, after all, though you seem to crawl,
It's the ol' cow hawss fer mine!

No, I won't deny you kin fairly fly
In yer high-geared tony car,
And the grades you climb in a quicker time,
With skeercely a jolt er jar!
But, with due regard fer yer auto, pard,
With its glimmer and speed and shine,
What I love best in the grand ol' West,
Is the ol' cow hawss fer mine!

Fer a saddle seat—wal, it caint be beat,
As you lope down blossomed trails!
And you feel the swing of yer hawss, by jing,
As he crosses the draws and swales!
If you feel serene in yer swell machine,
As yer motorin' down the line,
That's the place, by gee, that you ought to be,
BUT—the ol' cow hawss fer mine!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

FLUSH, and the world will greet you!
Broke, and you herd alone!
For you cut no ice when you haven't the price,
And no good friend you can "bone"!
Wealthy, and how they'll love you
As long as you've got a cent!
They'll pester your soul while you flash a roll,
And kick you out when it's spent!

Up, and they'll praise your sharpness!
Down, and they'll jump your frame!
If you're coining the chink, you're a wise old gink,
And gosh! how they'll laud your name!
But let some little misfortune
Despoil you of every yen,
Just take this hunch—not one of the bunch
Would whisper your name again!

Spend, and the world comes flocking
To follow where'er you'll lead!
Borrow a sou and they'll glare at you,
And ask who you're trying to bleed!
Win, and they'll "take one on you"!
Lose, and you'll be the goat!
You are up a peg till they've pulled your leg,
And then they'll set you afloat!

Smoke, and you pay for the stogies!
If you want one, nobody buys!
'Twas ever that way since Adam's day,
For people are worldly-wise!
They've room in their auto to take you
If you'll pay as they eat and dance,
But you bet your skates, they will make no dates
When there's fringe on your Sunday pants!

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